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*Correspondance, Littéraire, Philosophique et Critique. Adressée
à un Souverain d'Allemagne, depuis 1770, jusqu'à 1782. Par
le Baron De Grimm, et par Diderot. 5 Tomes, 8vo. pp. 2250.*

[From the Edinburgh Review, for July, 1813.]

THIS is certainly a very entertaining book—though a little too bulky—and the greater part of it not very important. We are glad to see it, however; not only because we are glad to see any thing entertaining, but also because it makes us acquainted with a person, of whom every one has heard a great deal, and most people hitherto known very little. There is no name which comes oftener across us, in the recent history of French literature, than

that of Grimm; and none, perhaps, whose right to so much notoriety seemed to most people to stand upon such scanty titles. Coming from a foreign country, without rank, fortune, or exploits of any kind to recommend him, he contrived, one does not very well see how, to make himself conspicuous for forty years in the best company of Paris; and at the same time to acquire great influence and authority among literary men of all descriptions, without publishing any thing himself, but a few slight observations upon French and Italian music.

The volumes before us help, in part, to explain this enigma; and not only give proof of talents and accomplishments quite sufficient to justify the reputation the author enjoyed among his cotemporaries, but also of such a degree of industry and exertion, as entitle him, we think, to a reasonable reversion of fame from posterity. Before laying before our readers any part of this miscellaneous chronicle, we shall endeavour to give them a general idea of its construction—and to tell them all that we have been able to discover about its author.

Melchior Grimm was born at Ratisbon, in 1723, of very humble parentage; but being tolerably well educated, took to literature at a very early period. His first essays were made in his own country—and, as we understand, in his native language—where he composed several tragedies, which were hissed upon the stage, and unmercifully abused in the closet, by Lessing, and the other oracles of Teutonic criticism. He then came to Paris, as a sort of tutor to the children of M. de Schomberg, and was employed in the humble capacity of reader to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, when he was first brought into notice by Rousseau, who was smitten with his enthusiasm for music, and made him known to Diderot, the Baron d'Holbach, and various other persons of eminence in the literary world. His vivacity and various accomplishments soon made him generally acceptable; while his uniform prudence and excellent good sense prevented him from ever losing any of the friends he had gained. Rousseau, indeed, chose to quarrel with him for sitting down one evening in a seat which he had previously fixed upon for himself; but with Voltaire, and d'Alembert, and all the rest of that illustrious society, both male and female, he continued always on the most cordial footing; and, while he is reproached with a certain degree of obsequiousness towards the rich and powerful, must be allowed to have used less flattery toward his literary associates than was usual in the intercourse of those jealous and artificial beings.

When the Duke of Saxe-Gotha left Paris, Grimm undertook to send him regularly an account of every thing remarkable that occurred in the literary, political, and scandalous chronicle of

that great city: and acquitted himself in this delicate office so much to the satisfaction of his noble correspondent, that he nominated him, in 1776, his resident at the court of France, and raised him at the same time to the rank and dignity of a baron. The volumes before us are a part of the despatches of this literary plenipotentiary; and are certainly the most amusing state papers that have ever fallen under our observation.

The Baron de Grimm continued to exercise the functions of this philosophical diplomacy, till the gathering storm of the revolution drove both ministers and philosophers from the territories of the new republic. He then took refuge, of course, in the court of his master, where he resided till 1795, when Catharine of Russia, to whose shrine he had formerly made a pilgrimage from Paris, gave him the appointment of her minister at the court of Saxony—which he continued to hold till the end of the reign of the unfortunate Paul, when the partial loss of sight obliged him to withdraw altogether from business, and to return to the court of Saxe-Gotha, where he continued his studies in literature and the arts with unabated ardour, till he sunk at last under a load of years and infirmities in the end of 1807. He was of an uncomely and grotesque appearance—with huge projecting eyes and discordant features, which he rendered still more hideous, by daubing them profusely with white and with red paint—according to the most approved *costume* of *petits-maîtres* in the year 1748, when he made his *début* at Paris.

The book embraces a period of about twelve years only, from 1770 to 1782, with a gap for 1775 and part of 1776. It is said in the title page to be partly the work of Grimm, and partly that of Diderot—but the contributions of the latter are few, and comparatively of little importance. It is written half in the style of a journal intended for the public, and half in that of private and confidential correspondence; and, notwithstanding the retrenchments which the editor boasts of having made in the manuscript, contains a vast miscellany of all sorts of intelligence; critiques upon all new publications, new operas, and new performers at the theatres; accounts of all the meetings and elections at the academies, and of the deaths and characters of all the eminent persons who demised in the period to which it extends; copies of the epigrams, and editions of the scandalous stories that occupied the idle population of Paris during the same period—interspersed with various original compositions, and brief and pithy dissertations upon the general subjects that are suggested by such an enumeration. Of these, the accounts of the operas and the actors are the most tedious, the critical and biographical sketches the most lively, and the general observations the most

striking and important. The whole, however, is given with great vivacity and talent, and with a degree of freedom which trespasses occasionally upon the borders both of propriety and of good taste.

There is nothing indeed more exactly painted in these graphical volumes than the character of M. Grimm himself; and the beauty of it is, that as there is nothing either natural or peculiar about it, it may stand for the character of all the wits and philosophers he frequented. He had more wit, perhaps, and more sound sense and information, than the greater part of the society in which he lived—but the leading traits belong to the whole class, and to all classes indeed, in similar situations, in every part of the world. Whenever there is a very large assemblage of persons who have no other occupation but to amuse themselves, there will infallibly be generated acuteness of intellect, refinement of manners, and good taste in conversation; and, with the same certainty, all profound thought, and all serious affection, will be discarded from their society. The multitude of persons and things that force themselves on the attention in such a scene, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other and pass away, prevent any one from making a deep or permanent impression; and the mind, having never been tasked to any course of application, and long habituated to this lively succession and variety of objects, comes at last to require the excitement of perpetual change, and to find a multiplicity of friends as indispensable as a multiplicity of amusements. Thus the characteristics of large and polished society come almost inevitably to be, wit and heartlessness—acuteness and perpetual derision. The same impatience of uniformity, and passion for variety which give so much grace to their conversation, by excluding all tediousness and pertinacious wrangling, make them incapable of dwelling for many minutes on the feelings and concerns of any one individual; while the constant pursuit of little gratifications, and the weak dread of all uneasy sensations, render them equally averse from serious sympathy and deep thought. They speedily find out the shortest and most pleasant way to all truths, to which a short and a pleasant way can readily be discovered; and then lay it down as a maxim that no others are worth looking after—and, in the same way, they do such petty kindnesses, and indulge such light sympathies, as do not put them to any trouble, or encroach at all on their amusements—while they make it a principle to wrap themselves up in those amusements from the assault of all more engrossing or importunate affections.

The turn for derision again arises naturally out of this order of things. When passion and enthusiasm, affection and serious occupation, have once been banished by a short-sighted voluptuous-

ness, the sense of ridicule is almost the only lively sensation that remains; and the envied life of those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, would be utterly listless and without interest, if they were not allowed to laugh at each other. Their quickness in perceiving ordinary follies, and illusions too, affords great encouragement to this laudable practice; and as none of them have so much passion or enthusiasm left as to be deeply wounded by the shafts of derision, they fall lightly, and without rankling, on the lesser vanities, which supply in them those master-springs of human action and feeling.

The whole style and tone of this publication affords the most striking illustration of these general remarks. From one end of it to the other, it is a display of the most complete heartlessness, and the most uninterrupted levity. It chronicles the deaths of half the author's acquaintance—and makes jests upon them all; and is much more serious in discussing the merits of an opera dancer, than in considering the evidence for the being of a God, or the first foundations of morality. Nothing, indeed, can be more just or conclusive, than the remark that is forced from M. Grimm himself, upon the utter carelessness, and instant oblivion, that followed the death of one of the most distinguished, active, and amiable members of his coterie; “tant il est vrai que ce qui nous appellons *la Société*, est ce qu'il y a de plus léger, de plus ingrat, et de plus frivole au monde!”

Holding this opinion very firmly ourselves, it will easily be believed that we are very far from *envying* the brilliant persons who composed, or gave the tone to this exquisite society;—and while we have a due admiration for the elegant pleasantry, correct taste, and gay acuteness, of which they furnish, perhaps, the only perfect models, we think it more desirable, on the whole, to be the spectators than the possessors of those accomplishments; and would no more wish to buy them at the price of our sober thinking, and settled affections, than we would buy the dexterity of a fiddler, or a ropedancer, at the price of our personal respectability. Even in the days of youth and high spirits, there is no solid enjoyment in living altogether with people who care nothing about us; and when we begin to grow old and unamusable, there can be nothing so comfortless as to be surrounded with those who think of nothing but amusement. The spectacle, however, is gay and beautiful to those who look upon it with a goodnatured sympathy; and naturally suggests reflections that may be interesting to the most serious. A judicious extractor, we have no doubt, might accommodate both classes of readers, from the ample magazine that lies before us.

The most figuring person in the work, and indeed of the age to which it belongs, was, beyond all question, *Voltaire*—of whom,

and of whose character, it presents us with many amusing traits. He receives no other name throughout the book, than "The Patriarch" of the Holy Philosophical Church, of which the authors, and the greater part of their friends, profess to be humble votaries and disciples. The infallibility of its chief, however, seems to have formed no part of the creed of this reformed religion; for, with all his admiration for the wit, and playfulness, and talent, of the philosophic pontiff, nothing can exceed the freedoms in which M. Grimm indulges, both as to his productions and his character. All his poetry, he says, after Tancred, is clearly marked with the symptoms of approaching dotage and decay; and his views of many important subjects he treats as altogether erroneous, shallow, and contemptible. He is particularly offended with him for not adopting the decided atheism of the *Système de la Nature*, and for weakly stopping short at a kind of paltry deism. "The patriarch," says he, "still sticks to his *Remunérateur-Vengeur*, without whom he fancies the world would go on very ill. He is resolute enough, I confess, for putting down the god of knaves and bigots, but is not for parting with that of the virtuous and rational. He reasons upon all this, too, like a baby—a very smart baby it must be owned—but a baby notwithstanding. He would be a little puzzled, I take it, if he were asked what was *the colour* of his god of the virtuous and wise, &c. &c. He cannot conceive, he says, how mere motion, undirected by intelligence, should ever have produced such a world as we inhabit—and we verily believe him. Nobody can conceive it—but it is *a fact* nevertheless; and we see it—which is nearly as good." We give this merely as a specimen of the disciple's irreverence towards his master; for nothing can be more contemptible than the reasoning of M. Grimm in support of his own desolating opinions. He is more near being right, where he makes himself merry with the patriarch's ignorance of natural philosophy. Every Achilles, however, he adds, has a vulnerable heel—and that of the hero of Ferney is his physics.*

M. Grimm, however, reveals worse infirmities than this in his great preceptor. There was a Mademoiselle Raucour, it seems,

* This is only true, however, with regard to natural history and chymistry; for as to the nobler part of physics, which depends on science, his attainments were equal perhaps to those of any of his age and country, with the exception of D'Alembert. Even his astronomy, however, though by no means "mince et raccourtie," had a tendency to confirm him in that paltry deism, for which he is so unmercifully rated by M. Grimm. We do not know many quatrains in French poetry more beautiful than the following, which the patriarch indited *impromptu*, one fine summer evening:—

"Tous ces vastes pays d'Azur et de Lumiere,
Tires du sein du vide, et formes sans matiere,
Arrondis sans compas, et tournans sans pivot,
Ont à peine coute la depense d'un mot."

who, though an actress, enjoyed an unblemished reputation. Voltaire, who had never seen her, chose one morning to write to the Marechal de Richelieu, by whom she was patronised, that she was a notorious prostitute, and ready to be taken into keeping by any one who would offer for her. This imputation having been thoughtlessly communicated to the damsel herself, produced no little commotion; and upon Voltaire's being remonstrated with, he immediately retracted the whole story, which it seems was a piece of pure invention; and confessed that the only thing he had to object to Mademoiselle Raucour was, that he had understood they had put off the representation of a new play of his in order to gratify the public with her appearance in comedy;—"and this was enough," says M. Grimm, "to irritate a child of seventy-nine against another child of seventeen, who came in the way of his gratification!"

A little after, he tells a story which is not only very disreputable to the patriarch, but affords a striking example of the monstrous evils that arise from religious intolerance, in a country where the whole population is not of the same communion. A Mons. de B. introduced himself into a protestant family at Montaubon, and, after some time, publicly married the only daughter of the house, in the church of her pastor. He lived several years with her, and had one daughter—dissipated her whole property—and at last deserted her, and married another woman at Paris—upon the pretence that his first union was not binding, the ceremony not having been performed by a catholic priest. The parliament ultimately allowed this plea; and farther directed, that the daughter should be taken from its mother, and educated in the true faith in a convent. The transaction excited general indignation; and the legality of the sentence, and especially the last part of it, was very much disputed, both in the profession and out of it;—when Voltaire, to the astonishment of all the world, thought fit to put forth a pamphlet in its defence. M. Grimm treats the whole matter with his usual coldness and pleasantry;—and as a sort of apology for this extraordinary proceeding of his chief, very coolly observes, "The truth is, that for some time past the patriarch has been suspected, and indeed convicted, of the most abominable cowardice. He defied the old parliament in his youth with signal courage and intrepidity; and now he cringes to the new one, and even condescends to be its panegyrist, from an absurd dread of being persecuted by it on the very brink of the tomb. Ah! Seigneur Patriarche!" he concludes, in the true Parisian accent, "Horace was much more excusable for flattering Augustus who had honoured him though he destroyed the republic, than you are, for justifying, without any intelligible motive, a proceeding so utterly detestable, and upon which, if you had not courage

to speak as became you, you were not called upon to say any thing." It must be a comfort to the reader to learn, that immediately after this sentence, a M. Vanrobais, an old and most respectable gentleman, was chivalrous enough, at the age of 70, to marry the deserted widow, and to place her in a situation every way more respectable than that of which she had been so basely defrauded.

There is a great deal, in the first of these volumes, about the statue that was voted to Voltaire by his disciples in 1770.—Pigalle, the sculptor, was despatched to Ferney to model him, in spite of the opposition he affects to make in a letter to Mad. Necker, in which he very reasonably observes, that in order to be modelled, a man ought to have a face—but that age and sickness have so reduced him, that it is not easy to point out whereabouts his had been; that his eyes are sunk into pits three inches deep, and the small remnant of his teeth recently deserted; that his skin is like old parchment wrinkled over dry bones, and his legs and arms like dry spindles; in short, "qu'on n'a jamais sculpté un pauvre homme dans cet état." Phidias Pigalle, however, as he calls him, goes upon his errand, notwithstanding all these discouragements; and finds him, according to M. Grimm, in a state of great vivacity. "He skips up stairs," he assures me, "more nimbly than all his subscribers together, and is as quick as lightning in running to shut doors, and open windows; but with all this, he is very anxious to pass for a poor man in the last extremities; and would take it much amiss if he thought that any body had discovered the secret of his health and vigour." Some awkward person, indeed, it appears, has been complimenting him upon the occasion; for he writes me as follows—"My dear friend—Though Phidias Pigalle is the most virtuous of mortals, he calumniates me cruelly; I understand he goes about saying that I am quite well, and as sleek as a monk!—Such is the ungrateful return he makes for the pains I took to force my spirits for his amusement, and to puff up my buccinatory muscles to recommend myself to him!—Jean Jacques is far more puffed up, however, than me; but it is with conceit, from which I am free."—In another letter he says—"When the peasants in my village saw Pigalle laying out some of the instruments of his art, they flocked round us with great glee, and said, Ah! he is going to *dissect* him—how droll!—so one spectacle, you see, is just as good for some people as another.

The account which Pigalle gives of his mission is extremely characteristic. For the first eight days, he could make nothing of his patient—he was so restless and full of grimaces, starts and gesticulations. He promised every night to give him a long sitting next day, and always kept his word;—but then, he could no

more sit still than a child of three years old. He dictated letters all the time to his secretary; and, in the mean time, kept blowing peas in the air, making *pirouettes* round his chamber, or indulging in other feats of activity, equally fatal to the views of the artist. Poor Phidias was about to return to Paris in despair, without having made the slightest progress in his design; when the conversation happening by good luck to turn upon Aaron's golden calf, and Pigalle having said that he did not think such a thing could be modelled and cast in less than six months, the patriarch was so pleased with him, that he submitted to any thing he thought proper all the rest of the day, and the model was completed that very evening.

There are a number of other anecdotes, extremely characteristic of the vivacity, impatience and want of restraint which distinguished this extraordinary person. One of the most amusing is that of the *congé* which he gave to the Abbé Coyer, who was kind enough to come to his castle of Ferney, with the intention of paying a long visit. The second morning, however, the patriarch interrupted him in the middle of a dull account of his travels, with this perplexing question, "Do you know, M. L'Abbé, in what you differ entirely from Don Quixotte?" The poor Abbé was unable to divine the precise point of distinction; and the philosopher was pleased to add, "Why, you know the Don took all the inns on his road for castles, but it appears to me that you take castles for inns." The Abbé decamped without waiting for a further reckoning. He behaved still worse to a M. De Barthe, whom he invited to come and read a play to him, and afterwards drove out of the house, by the yawns and frightful contortions with which he amused himself, during the whole of the performance.

One of his happiest repartees is said to have been made to an Englishman, who had recently been on a visit to the celebrated Haller, in whose praise Voltaire enlarged with great warmth, extolling him as a great poet, a great naturalist, and a man of universal attainments. The Englishman answered, that it was very handsome in M. De Voltaire to speak so well of Mr. Haller, inasmuch as he, the said Mr. Haller, was by no means so liberal to M. De Voltaire. "Alas!" said the patriarch, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

On another occasion, a certain M. de St. Ange, who valued himself on the graceful turn of his compliments, having come to see him, took his leave with this studied allusion to the diversity of his talents, "My visit to-day has only been to Homer—another morning I shall pay my respects to Sophocles and Euripides—another to Tacitus—and another to Lucian." "Ah, Sir!"

replied the patriarch, "I am wretchedly old—could you not contrive to see all these gentlemen together?" M. Mercier, who had the same passion for fine speeches, told him one day, "You outdo every body so much in their own way, that I am sure you will beat Fontenelle in longevity." "No, no, Sir!" answered the patriarch, "Fontenelle was a Norman; and, you may depend upon it, contrived to trick nature out of her rights."

One of the most prolific sources of witticisms that is noticed in this collection, is the patriarch's elevation to the dignity of temporal father of the capuchins in his district. The cream of the whole, however, may be found in the following letter of his to M. de Richelieu.

"Je voudrais bien, monseigneur, avoir le plaisir de vous donner ma bénédiction avant de mourir. L'expression vous paraîtra un peu forte : elle est pourtant dans la vérité. J'ai l'honneur d'être capucin. Notre général qui est à Rome, vient de m'envoyer mes patentes; mon titre est, *Frère Spirituel et Père Temporel des Capucins*. Mandez-moi laquelle de vos maîtresses vous voulez retirer du purgatoire; je vous jure sur ma barbe qu'elle n'y sera pas dans vingt-quatre heures. Comme je dois me détacher des biens de ce monde, j'ai abandonné à mes parens ce qui m'est dû par la succession de feu madame la princesse de Guise, et par M. votre intendant; ils iront à ce sujet prendre vos ordres qu'ils regarderont comme un bienfait. Je vous donne ma bénédiction. Signé VOLTAIRE, capucin indigne, et qui n'a pas encore eu de bonne fortune de capucin." P. 54, 55.

We have very full details of the last days of this distinguished person. He came to Paris, as is well known, after 27 years' absence, at the age of 84; and the very evening he arrived, he recited himself the whole of his *Irene* to the players, and passed all the rest of the night in correcting the piece for representation. A few days after he was seized with a violent vomiting of blood, and instantly called stoutly for a priest, saying that they should not throw him out on the dunghill. A priest was accordingly brought; and the patriarch very gravely subscribed a profession of his faith in the christian religion—of which he was ashamed, and attempted to make a jest, as soon as he recovered. He was received with unexampled honours at the academy, the whole members of which rose together, and came out to the vestibule to escort him into the hall; while, on the exterior, all the avenues, windows, and roofs of houses, by which his carriage had to pass, were crowded with spectators, and resounded with acclamations. But the great scene of his glory was the theatre; in which he no sooner appeared, than the whole audience rose up, and continued for upwards of twenty minutes in thunders of applause and shouts of

acclamation that filled the whole house with dust and agitation. When the piece was concluded, the curtain was again drawn up, and discovered the bust of their idol in the middle of the stage, while the favourite actress placed a crown of laurel on its brows, and recited some verses, the words of which could scarcely be distinguished amidst the tumultuous shouts of the spectators. The whole scene, says M. Grimm, reminded us of the classic days of Greece and Rome. But it became more truly touching at the moment when its object rose to retire. Weakened and agitated by the emotions he had experienced, his limbs trembled beneath him; and, bending almost to the earth, he seemed ready to expire under the weight of years and honours that had been laid upon him. His eyes, filled with tears, still sparkled with a peculiar fire in the midst of his pale and faded countenance. All the beauty and all the rank of France crowded round him in the lobbies and staircases, and literally bore him in their arms to the door of his carriage. Here the humbler multitude took their turn; and, calling for torches that all might get a sight of him, clustered round his coach, and followed it to the door of his lodgings, with vehement shouts of admiration and triumph. This is the heroic part of the scene; but M. Grimm takes care also to let us know that the patriarch appeared on this occasion in long lace ruffles, and a fine coat of cut velvet, with a gray periwig of a fashion forty years old, which he used to comb every morning with his own hands, and to which nothing at all parallel had been seen for ages—except on the head of Bachaumont the novelist, who was known accordingly among the wits of Paris by the name of “Voltaire’s wig-block.”

This brilliant and protracted career, however, was now drawing to a close.—Retaining to the last that untameable spirit of activity and impatience which had characterized all his past life, he assisted at rehearsals and meetings of the academy, with the zeal and enthusiasm of early youth. At one of the latter, some objections were started to his magnificent project of giving a new edition of their dictionary;—and he resolved to compose a discourse to obviate those objections. To strengthen himself for this task, he swallowed a prodigious quantity of strong coffee, and then continued to work for upwards of twelve hours without intermission. This imprudent effort brought on an inflammation in his bladder; and being told by M. De Richelieu, that he had been much relieved in a similar situation, by taking, at intervals, a few drops of laudanum, he provided himself with a large bottle of that medicine, and with his usual impatience, swallowed the greater part of it in the course of the night. The consequence was, as might naturally have been expected, that he fell into a sort of lethargy, and never recovered the use of his faculties, except for a few

minutes at a time, till the hour of his death, which happened three days after, on the evening of the 30th May, 1778. The priest to whom he had made his confession, and another, entered his chamber a short time before he breathed his last. He recognised them with difficulty, and assured them of his respects. One of them coming close up to him, he threw his arms round his neck, as if to embrace him. But when M. le Curé, taking advantage of this cordiality, proceeded to urge him to make some sign or acknowledgment of his belief in the christian faith, he gently pushed him back, and said, "Alas! let me die in peace." The priest turned to his companion, and, with great moderation and presence of mind, observed aloud, "You see his faculties are quite gone." They then quietly left the apartment;—and the dying man, having testified his gratitude to his kind and vigilant attendants, and named several times the name of his favourite niece Madame Denis, shortly after expired.

Nothing can better mark the character of the work before us, and of its author, than to state that the despatch which contains this striking account of the last hours of his illustrious patron and friend, terminates with an obscene epigram of M. Rulhiere, and a gay critique on the new administration of the opera Buffa! There are various epitaphs on Voltaire, scattered through the sequel of the volume: we prefer this very brief one, by a lady of Lausanne.

"Ci git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gata."

Among the other proofs which M. Grimm has recorded of the celebrity of this extraordinary person, the incredible multitude of his portraits that were circulated deserves to be noticed. One ingenious artist, in particular, of the name of Huber, had acquired such a facility in forming his countenance, that he could not only cut most striking likenesses of him out of paper, with scissors held behind his back, but could mould a little bust of him in half a minute, out of a bit of bread, and at last used to make his *dog* manufacture most excellent profiles, by making him bite off the edge of a biscuit which he held to him in three or four different positions!

There is less about *Rousseau* in these volumes than we should expect from their author's early intimacy with that great writer. What there is, however, is candid and judicious. M. Grimm agrees with Mad. de Staël, that Rousseau was nothing of a Frenchman in his character;—and accordingly he observes, that though the magic of his style, and the extravagance of his sentiments procured him some crazy disciples, he never had any partisans among the enlightened part of the nation. He laughs a good deal at his affectations and unpardonable animosities—but gives, at all

times, the highest praise to his genius, and sets him above all his cotemporaries, for the warmth, the elegance, and the singular richness of his style. He says, that the general opinion at Paris was, that he had poisoned himself;—that his natural disposition to melancholy had increased in an alarming degree after his return from England, and had been aggravated by the sombre and solitary life to which he had condemned himself;—that mind, he adds, at once too strong and too weak to bear the burden of existence with tranquillity, was perpetually prolific of monsters and of phantoms, that haunted all his steps, and drove him to the borders of distraction. There is no doubt, continues M. Grimm, that for many months before his death he had firmly persuaded himself that all the powers of Europe had their eyes fixed upon him as a most dangerous and portentous being, whom they should take the first opportunity to destroy. He was satisfied that M. de Choiseul had projected and executed the conquest of Corsica, for no other purpose but to deprive him of the honour of legislating for it; and that Prussia and Russia had agreed to partition Poland upon the same jealous and unworthy considerations. While the potentates of Europe were thus busied in thwarting and mortifying him abroad, the philosophers, he was persuaded, were entirely devoted to the same project at home. They had spies, he firmly believed, posted round all his steps, and were continually making efforts to rouse the populace to insult and murder him. At the head of this conspiracy, of the reality of which he no more doubted than of his existence, he had placed the Duc de Choiseul, his physician Tronchin, M. D'Alembert, and our author!

In a passage which commemorates the death of Helvetius, we find a very full and curious account of this zealous philosopher. Helvetius was of Dutch extraction; and his father having been chief physician to the queen, the son was speedily appointed to the very lucrative situation of farmer-general of the finances. He was remarkably good tempered, benevolent and liberal; and passed his youth in idle and voluptuous indulgence, keeping a sort of seraglio as a part of his establishment, and exercising himself with universal applause in the noble science of dancing, in which he attained such eminence, that he is said to have several times supplied the place of the famous Dupré in the ballets at the opera. An unhappy passion for literary glory came, however, to disturb this easy life. The paradoxes and effrontery of Maupertuis had brought science into fashion; and no supper was thought complete at Paris without a mathematician. Helvetius, therefore, betook himself immediately to the study of geometry; but he could make no hand of it; and fortunately the rage passed away before he had time to expose himself in the eyes of the ini-

tiated. Next came the poetical glory of Voltaire;—and Helvetius instantly resolved to be a poet—and did with great labour produce a long poem on happiness, which was not published, however, till after his death, and has not improved his chance for immortality. But it was the success of the President Montesquieu's celebrated *Esprit des Loix* that finally decided the literary vocation of Helvetius. That work appeared in 1749; and in 1750 the farmer-general resigned his post, married, retired into the country, and spent ten long years in digesting his own book *De l'Esprit*, by which he fondly expected to rival the fame of his illustrious predecessor. In this, however, he was wofully disappointed. The book appeared to philosophers to be nothing but a paradoxical and laborious repetition of truths and difficulties with which all good thinkers had long been familiar; and it probably would have fallen into utter oblivion, had it not been for the injudicious clamour which was raised against it by the bigots and devotees of the court. Poor Helvetius, who had meant nothing more than to make himself remarkable, was as much surprised at the outcries of the godly, as at the silence of the philosophers; and never perfectly recovered the shock of this double disappointment. He still continued, however, his habits of kindness and liberality—gave dinners to the men of letters when at Paris, and hunted and compiled philosophy with great perseverance in the country. His temper was so good that his society could not fail to be agreeable; but his conversation, it seems, was not very captivating; he loved to push every matter of discussion to its very last results; and reasoned at times so very loosely and largely, as to be in danger of being taken for a person very much overtaken with liquor. He died of gout in his stomach, at the age of fifty-six.

Nobody makes a better or a more amiable figure in this book, than Madame GEOFFRIN. Active, reasonable, indulgent, and munificent beyond example for a woman in private life, she laid a sure claim to popularity by taking for her maxim the duty of "giving and forgiving;" and showed herself so gentle in her deportment to children and servants, that if she had not been overcome with an unlucky passion for intrigue and notoriety, she might have afforded one exception, at least, to the general heartlessness of the society to which she belonged. Some of the repartees recorded of her in these volumes are very remarkable. M. de Rulhiere threatened to make public certain very indiscreet remarks on the court of Russia, from the sale of which he expected great profits. Madame Geoffrin, who thought he would get into difficulties by taking such a step, offered him a very handsome sum to put his manuscript into the fire. He answered her with many lofty and animated observations on the meanness and

unworthiness of taking money to suppress truth. To all which the lady listened with the utmost complacency; and merely replied, "Well! say yourself how much more you must have." Another *mot* of hers became an established canon at all the tables of Paris. The Comte de Coigny was wearying her one evening with some interminable story, when, upon somebody sending for a part of the dish before him, he took a little knife out of his pocket and began to carve, talking all the time as before. "Monsieur le Comte," said Mad. Geoffrin, a little out of patience, "at table there should only be large knives and short stories." In her old age she was seized with apoplexy; and her daughter, during her illness, refused access to the philosophers. When she recovered a little, she laughed at the precaution, and made her daughter's apology—by saying "She had done like Godfrey of Bouillon—defended her tomb from the infidels." The idea of her ending in devotion, however, occasioned much merriment and some scandal among her philosophical associates.

The name of *Marmontel* occurs very often in this collection; but it is not attended with any distinguished honours. M. Grimm accuses him of want of force or passion in his style, and of poverty of invention, and littleness of genius. He says something, however, of more importance on occasion of the first representation of that writer's foolish piece, entitled "*Silvain*." The courtiers and sticklers for rank, he observes, all pretended to be mightily alarmed at the *tendency* of this little opera in one act; and the Duc de Noailles took the trouble to say, that its object was to show that a gentleman could do nothing so amiable as to marry his maid servant, and let his cottagers kill his game at their pleasure. It is really amusing, continues M. Grimm, to observe, how positive many people are that all this is the result of a deep plot on the part of the Encyclopedistes, and that this silly farce is the fruit of a solemn conspiracy against the privileged orders, and in support of the horrible doctrine of universal equality. If they would only condescend to consult me, however, he concludes, I could oblige them with a much simpler, though less magnificent solution of the mystery; the truth being that the extravagance of M. Marmontel's little plot proceeds neither from his love of equality, nor from the commands of an antisocial conspiracy, but purely from the poverty of his imagination, and his want of talent for dramatic composition. It is always much more easy to astonish by extravagance, than to interest by natural representations; and those commonplaces, of love triumphing over pride of birth, and benevolence getting the better of feudal prejudices, are among the most vulgar resources of those who are incapable of devising incidents at once probable and pathetic.

This was written in the year 1770;—and while it serves to show

us that the imputation of conspiracies against the throne and the altar, of which succeeding times were doomed to hear so much, were by no means an original invention of the age which gave them the greatest encouragement, it may help also to show upon what slight foundation such imputations are usually hazarded. Great national changes, indeed, are never the result of conspiracies—but of causes laid deep and wide in the structure and condition of society—and which necessarily produce those combinations of individuals, who seem to be the authors of the revolution when it happens to be ultimately brought about by their instrumentality.

We hear a great deal, of course, of *Diderot*, in a work of which he was partly the author; and it is impossible to deny him the praise of ardour, originality, and great occasional eloquence. Yet we not only feel neither respect nor affection for Diderot—but can seldom read any of his lighter pieces without a certain degree of disgust. There is a tone of *blackguardism*—(we really can find no other word)—both in his indecency and his profanity, which we do not recollect to have met with in any other good writer; and which is apt, we think, to prove revolting even to those who are accustomed to the license of this fraternity. They who do not choose to look into his *Religieuse* for the full illustration of this remark—and we advise no one to look there for any thing—may find it abundantly, though in a less flagrant form, in a little essay on women, which is inserted in these volumes as a supplement or corrective to the larger work of M. Thomas on that subject. We must say, however, that the whole tribe of French writers who have had any pretensions to philosophy for the last seventy years, are infected with a species of indelicacy which is peculiar, we think, to their nation; and strikes us as more shameful and offensive than any other. We do not know very well how to describe it, otherwise than by saying, that it consists in a strange combination of physical science with obscenity, and an attempt to unite the pedantic and disgusting details of anatomy and physiology, with images of voluptuousness and sensuality;—an attempt, we think, exceedingly disgusting and debasing, but not in the least degree either seductive or amusing. Maupertuis and Voltaire, and Helvetius and Diderot, are full of this. Buffon and d'Alembert are by no means free of it; and traces of it may even be discovered in the writings of Rousseau himself. We could pardon some details in the *Emile*—or the *Confessions*;—but we own it appears to us the most nauseous and unnatural of all things, to find the divine Julie herself informing her cousin, with much complacency, that she had at last discovered, that “quoique son cœur trop tendre avoit besoin d'amour, ses sens n'avoient plus besoin d'un amant.”

The following epigram is a little in the taste we have been condemning;—but it has the merit of being excessively clever. Mad,

de Chatelet had long lived separate from her husband, and was understood to receive the homage of two lovers—Voltaire and M. de St. Lambert. She died in childbirth; and the following dramatic elegy was circulated all over Paris the week after that catastrophe.

“*M. de Chatelet.*—Ah! ce n'est pas ma faute!

“*M. de Voltaire.*—Je l'avais prédit!

“*M. de St. Lambert.*—Elle l'a voulu!”

Crebillon the younger is naturally brought to our recollection by the mention of wit and indecency. We have an account of his death, and a just and candid estimate of his merits, in one of the volumes before us. However frivolous and fantastic the style of his novels may appear, he had still the merit of inventing that style, and of adorning it with much ingenuity, wit and character. The taste for his writings, it seems, passed away very rapidly and completely in France; and long before his death, the author of the *Sopha*, and *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit*, had the mortification to be utterly forgotten by the public. M. Grimm thinks this reverse of fortune rather unmerited; and observes, that in foreign countries he was still held in estimation, and that few French productions had had such currency in London as the *Sopha*. The reason perhaps may be, that the manners and characters which the French at once knew to be unnatural, might be mistaken by us for true copies of French originals. It is a little more difficult, however, to account for the fact, that the perusal of his works inspired a young lady of good family in this country with such a passion for the author, that she ran away from her friends, came to Paris, married him, and nursed and attended him with exemplary tenderness and affection to his dying day. But there is nothing but luck, good or bad—as M. Grimm sagely observes—in this world. The author of a licentious novel inspires a romantic passion in a lady of rank and fortune, who crosses seas, and abandons her family and her native country for his sake;—while the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, the most delicate and passionate of all lovers that ever existed, is obliged to clap up a match with his chambermaid!

Of all the loves, however, that are recorded in this chronicle, the loves of Mad. du Deffant, and M. de Ponte-de-Vesle, are the most exemplary; for they lasted upwards of fifty years without quarrel or intermission. The secret of this wonderful constancy is, at all events, worth knowing; and we give it in the words of an authentic dialogue between this venerable Acmé and Septimius.

“Ponte-de-Vesle?—Madame?—Où êtes-vous?—Au coin de
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votre cheminée.—Couché les pieds sur les chenets, comme on est chez ses amis?—Oui, madame.—Il faut convenir qu'il est peu de liaisons aussi anciennes que la nôtre.—Cela est vrai.—Il y a cinquante ans.—Oui, cinquante ans passés.—Et dans ce long intervalle aucun nuage, pas même l'apparence d'une brouillerie.—C'est ce que j'ai toujours admiré.—Mais, Ponte-de-Vesle, cela ne viendrait-il point de ce qu'au fond nous avons toujours été fort indifférens l'un à l'autre?—Cela se pourrait bien, madame."

The evening this veteran admirer died she came rather late to a great supper in the neighbourhood; and as it was known that she made it a point of honour to attend on him, the catastrophe was generally suspected. She mentioned it, however, herself, immediately on coming in;—adding, that it was lucky he had gone off so early in the evening, as she might otherwise have been prevented from appearing. She then sat down to table, and made a very hearty and merry meal of it!

Besides Ponte-de-Vesle, however, this celebrated lady had a lover almost as ancient, in the President Henault—whom also she had the misfortune to survive; though he had the complaisance, as well as his predecessor, to live to near ninety years for her sake. The poor president, however, fell into dotage before his death; and one day, when in that state, Mad. du Deffant having happened to ask him whether he liked her or Mad. du Castlemoron the best, he, quite unconscious of the person to whom he was speaking, not only declared his preference of the absent lady, but proceeded to justify it, by a most feeling and accurate enumeration of the vices and defects of his hearer, in which he grew so warm and eloquent, that it was quite impossible either to stop him, or to prevent all who were present from profiting by the communication. When Mad. de Chatelet died, Mad. du Deffant testified her grief for the most intimate of her female acquaintance, by circulating all over Paris, the very next morning, the most libellous and venomous attack on her person, her understanding, and her morals. When she came to die herself, however, she met with just about as much sympathy as she deserved. Three of her dearest friends used to come and play cards every evening by the side of her couch—and as she chose to die in the middle of a very interesting game, they quietly played it out—and settled their accounts before leaving the apartment. We hope these little traits go near to justify what we ventured to say in the outset, of the tendency of large and agreeable society to *fortify* the heart;—at all events, they give us a pretty lively idea of the *liaisons* that united kindred souls at Paris. We might add to the number several anecdotes of the President Henault—and of the Baron d'Holbach, who told Helvetius, a little time before the death of the latter, that though he had lived all his life with irritable and indigent men of

letters, he could not recollect that he had either quarrelled with, or done the smallest service to, any one among them.

There is a great deal of admirable criticism in this work upon the writings and genius of almost all the author's cotemporaries—Dorat, Piron, Millot, Bernard, Mirabeau, Moncrif, Colardeau, and many others, more or less generally known in this country; nor do we know any publication, indeed, so well calculated to give a stranger a just and comprehensive view of the recent literature of France.

Montesquieu, Buffon, and Raynal, are the only authors, we think, of whom M. Grimm speaks with serious respect and admiration. Great praise is lavished upon Robertson's Charles V. Young's Night Thoughts are said, and with justice, to be rather ingenious than pathetic; and to show more of a gloomy imagination than a feeling heart. Thompson's Seasons are less happily stigmatized as excessively ornate and artificial, and said to stand in the same relation to the Georgics, that the Lady of Loretto, with all her tawdry finery, bears to the naked graces of the Venus de Medici. Johnson's Life of Savage is extolled as exceedingly entertaining—though the author is laughed at, in the true Parisian taste, for not having made a jest of his hero. Hawkesworth's Voyages are also very much commended; and Sir William Jones's letter to *Anquetil du Perron*, is said to be capable, with a few retrenchments, of being made worthy of the pen of the patriarch himself. Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakspeare is also applauded to the full extent of its merits; and, indeed, a very laudable degree of candour and moderation is observed as to our national taste in the drama. Shakspeare, he observes, is fit for us, and Racine for them; and each should be satisfied with his lot, and would do well to keep to his own national manner. When we attempt to be regular and dignified, we are merely cold and stiff; and when they aim at freedom and energy, they become absurd and extravagant. The celebrity of Garrick seems to have been scarcely less at Paris than in London, their greatest actor being familiarly designated "*Le Garrick François*." His powers of pantomime, indeed, were universally intelligible, and seem to have made a prodigious impression upon the theatrical critics of France. But his authority is quoted by M. Grimm, for the observation, that there is not the smallest affinity in the tragic declamation of the two countries; so that an actor who could give the most astonishing effect to a passage of Shakspeare, would not, though perfectly master of French, be able to guess how a single line of Racine should be spoken on the stage.

We cannot leave the subject of the drama, however, without observing, with what an agreeable surprise we discovered in M. Grimm, an auxiliary in that battle which we have for some time

waged, though not without trepidation, against the theatrical standards of France, and in defence of our own more free and irregular drama. While a considerable part of our own men of letters, carried away by the authority and supposed unanimity of the continental judges, were disposed to desert the cause of Shakspeare and nature, and to recognise Racine and Voltaire as the only true models of dramatic excellence, it turns out that the greatest Parisian critic, of that best age of criticism, was of opinion that the very idea of dramatic excellence had never been developed in France; and that, from the very causes which we have formerly specified, there was neither powerful passion nor real nature on their stage. After giving some account of a play of La Harpe's, he observes, "I am more and more confirmed in the opinion, that *true tragedy, such as has never yet existed in France*, must, after all, be written in prose; or at least can never accommodate itself to the pompous and rhetorical tone of our stately versification. The ceremonious and affected dignity which belongs to such compositions, is quite inconsistent with the just imitation of nature, and destructive of all true pathos. It may be very fine and very poetical; but it is not dramatic: and accordingly I have no hesitation in maintaining, that all our celebrated tragedies belong to the *epic* and not to the *dramatic* division of poetry. The Greeks and Romans had a dramatic verse, which did not interfere with simplicity or familiarity of diction; but as we have none, we must make up our minds to compose our tragedies in prose, if we ever expect to have any that may deserve the name. What then?" he continues, "must we throw our Racines and Voltaires in the fire? By no means; on the contrary, we must keep them, and study and admire them more than ever; but with right conceptions of their true nature and merit—as masterpieces of poetry, and reasoning, and description; as the first works of the first geniuses that ever adorned any nation under heaven: but not as tragedies, not as pieces intended to exhibit natural characters and passions speaking their own language, and to produce that terrible impression which such pieces alone can produce. Considered in that light, their coldness and childishness will be immediately apparent; and though the talents of the artist will always be conspicuous, their misapplication and failure will not be less so. With the prospect that lies before us, the best thing, perhaps, that we can do is to go on, boasting of the unparalleled excellence we have attained. But how speedily should our boastings be silenced if the present race of *children* should be succeeded by a generation of *men*! Here is a theory," concludes the worthy baron, a little alarmed, it would seem, at his own temerity, "which it would be easy to confirm and illustrate much more completely—if a man had a desire to be stoned to death before the door of the *Theatre François*. But,

in the mean time, till I am better prepared for the honours of martyrdom, I must entreat you to keep the secret of my infidelity to yourself."

Diderot holds very nearly the same language. After a long dissertation upon the difference between real and artificial dignity, he proceeds—"What follows, then, from all this—but that tragedy is still to be invented in France; and that the ancients, with all their faults, were probably much nearer inventing it than we have been?—Noble actions and sentiments, with simple and familiar language, are among its first elements: and I strongly suspect, that for these two hundred years, we have mistaken the stateliness of Madrid for the heroism of Rome. If once a man of genius shall venture to give to his characters and to his diction the simplicity of ancient dignity, plays and players will be very different things from what they are now. But how much of this," he adds also in a fit of sympathetic terror, "could I venture to say to any body but you! I should be pelted in the streets, if I were but suspected of the blasphemies I have just uttered."

With the assistance of two such allies, we shall renew the combat against the continental dramatists with fresh spirits and confidence; and shall probably find an early opportunity to brave the field, upon that important theme. In the mean time we shall only remark, that we suspect there is something more than an analogy between the government and political constitution of the two countries, and the character of their drama. The tragedy of the continent is conceived in the very genius and spirit of absolute monarchy—the same artificial stateliness—the same slow moving of few persons—the same suppression of ordinary emotions, and profound and ostentatious display of lofty sentiments, and, finally, the same jealousy of the interference of lower agents, and the same horror of vulgarity and tumult. When we consider, that in the countries where this form of the drama has been established, the court is the chief patron of the theatre, and courtiers almost its only supporters, we shall probably be inclined to think that this uniformity of character is not a mere accidental coincidence, but that the same causes which have stamped those attributes on the serious hours of its rulers, have extended them to those mimic representations which were originally devised for their amusement. In England, again, our drama has all along partaken of the mixed nature of our government;—persons of all degrees take a share in both, each in his own peculiar character and fashion: and the result has been, in both, a much greater activity, variety and vigour, than was ever exhibited under a more exclusive system. In England, too, the stage has, in general, been dependent on the nation at large, and not on the favour of the court;—and it is natural to suppose that the character of its exhibitions has been affected by a due consideration of that of

the miscellaneous patron whose feelings it was its business to gratify and reflect.

After having said so much about the stage, we cannot afford room either for the quarrels or witticisms of the actors, which are reported at great length in these volumes—or for the absurdities, however ludicrous, of the “*Dieu de Danse*,” as old Vestris ycleped himself—or even for the famous “*affaire du Menuet*” which distracted the whole court of France at the marriage of the late king. We can allow only a sentence indeed to the elaborate dissertation in which Diderot endeavours to prove that an actor is all the worse for having any feeling of the passions he represents, and is never so sure to agitate the souls of his hearers as when his own is perfectly at ease. We are persuaded that this is not correctly true;—though it might take more distinctions than the subject is worth, to fix precisely where the truth lies. It is plain, we think, however, that a good actor must have a capacity, at least, of all the passions whose language he mimics—and we are rather inclined to think that he must also have a transient feeling of them, whenever his mimicry is very successful. That the emotion should be very short-lived, and should give way to trivial or comic sensations, with very little interval, affords but a slender presumption against its reality, when we consider how rapidly such contradictory feelings succeed each other, in light minds, in the real business of life. That real passion, again, never would be so graceful and dignified as the counterfeited passion of the stage, is either an impeachment of the accuracy of the copy, or a contradiction in terms. The real passion of a noble and dignified character must always be dignified and graceful—and if Cæsar, when actually bleeding in the senate-house, folded his robe around him, that he might fall with decorum at the feet of his assassins, why should we say that it is out of nature for a player both to sympathize with the passions of his hero, and to think of the figure he makes in the eyes of the spectators? Strong conception is, perhaps, in every case, attended with a temporary belief of the reality of its objects;—and it is impossible for any one to copy with tolerable success the symptoms of a powerful emotion, without a very lively apprehension and recollection of its actual presence. We have no idea, we own, that the copy can ever be given without some participation in the emotion itself—or that it is possible to repeat pathetic words, with the tone or gestures of passion, with the same indifference with which a school-boy repeats his task, or a juggler his deceptions. The feeling, we believe, is often very momentary; and it is this which has misled those who have doubted of its existence. But there are many strong feelings equally fleeting and undeniable. The feelings of the spectators, in the theatre, though frequently more keen

than they experience anywhere else, are in general infinitely less durable than those excited by real transactions; and a ludicrous incident or blunder in the performance, will carry the whole house in an instant, from sobbing to ungoverned laughter: and even in real life we have every day occasion to observe how quickly the busy, the dissipated, the frivolous, and the very youthful, can pass from one powerful and engrossing emotion to another. The daily life of Voltaire, we think, might have furnished Diderot with as many and as striking instances of the actual succession of incongruous emotions, as he has collected from the theatrical life of Sophie Arnoud, to prove that one part of the succession must necessarily have been fictitious.

There are various traits of the oppressions and abuses of the government, incidentally noticed in this work, which maintains, on the whole, a very aristocratical tone of politics. One of the most remarkable relates to no less a person than the Marechal de Saxe. This great warrior, who is known never to have taken the field without a small travelling seraglio in his suite, had engaged a certain Madlle Chantilly to attend him in one of his campaigns. The lady could not prudently decline the honour of the invitation, because she was very poor; but her heart and soul were devoted to a young pastry cook of the name of Favart, for whose sake she at last broke out of the marechal's camp, and took refuge in the arms of her lover; who rewarded her heroism by immediately making her his wife. The history of the marechal's lamentation on finding himself deserted, is purely ludicrous, and is very well told; but our feelings take a very different character, when, upon reading a little farther, we find that this illustrious person had the baseness and brutality to apply to his sovereign for a *lettre de cachet* to force this unfortunate woman from the arms of her husband, and to compel her to submit again to his embraces—and that the court was actually guilty of the incredible atrocity of granting such an order! It was not only granted, M. Grimm assures us, but executed—and this poor creature was dragged from the house of her husband, and conducted by a file of grenadiers to the quarters of his highness, where she remained till his death, the unwilling and disgusted victim of his sensuality! It is scarcely possible to regret the subversion of a form of government that admitted, but once in a century, of abuses so enormous as this:—and the tone in which M. Grimm notices it, as a mere *foiblesse* on the part of *le Grand Maurice*, gives us reason to think that it was by no means without a parallel in the cotemporary history. In England, we verily believe, there never was a time in which it would not have produced insurrection, or assassination.

One of the most remarkable passages in this philosophical journal, is that which contains the author's estimate of the advantages

and disadvantages of philosophy. Not being much more of an optimist than ourselves, M. Grimm thinks that good and evil are pretty fairly distributed to the different generations of men; and that, if an age of philosophy be happier in some respects than one of ignorance and prejudice, there are particulars in which it is not so fortunate. Philosophy, he thinks, is the necessary fruit of a certain experience and certain maturity; and implies, in nations as well as individuals, the extinction of some of the pleasures as well as the follies of early life. All nations, he observes, have begun with poetry, and ended with philosophy—or, rather, have passed through the region of philosophy in their way to that of stupidity and dotage. They lose the poetical passion, therefore, before they acquire the taste for speculation; and, with it, they lose all faith in those illusions, and all interest in those trifles which make the happiness of the brightest portion of our existence. If, in this advanced stage of society, men are less brutal, they are also less enthusiastic;—if they are more habitually beneficent, they have less warmth of affection. They are delivered, indeed, from the yoke of many prejudices; but at the same time deprived of many motives of action. They are more prudent, but more anxious—are more affected with the general interests of mankind, but feel less for their neighbours; and, while curiosity takes the place of admiration, are more enlightened, but far less delighted with the universe in which they are placed.

The effect of this philosophical spirit on the arts, is evidently unfavourable on the whole. *Their* end and object is delight, and that of philosophy is truth; and the talent that seeks to instruct, will rarely condescend to aim merely at pleasing. Racine, and Moliere, and Boileau, were satisfied with furnishing amusement to such men as Louis XIV., and Colbert, and Turenne; but the geniuses of the present day pretend to nothing less than enlightening their rulers; and the same young men who would formerly have made their *debüt* with a pastoral or a tragedy, now generally leave college with a new system of philosophy and government in their port-folios. The very metaphysical, prying, and expounding turn of mind that is nourished by the spirit of philosophy, unquestionably deadens our sensibility to those enjoyments which it converts into subjects of speculation. It busies itself in endeavouring to understand those emotions which a simpler age was contented with enjoying;—and seeking, like Psyche, to have a distinct view of the sources of our pleasures, is punished, like her, by their instant annihilation.

Religion, too, continues M. Grimm, considered as a source of enjoyment or consolation in this world, has suffered from the progress of philosophy, exactly as the fine arts and affections have done. It has no doubt become infinitely more rational, and less

liable to atrocious perversions; but then it has also become much less enchanting and ecstatic—much less prolific of sublime raptures, beatific visions, and lofty enthusiasm. It has suffered, in short, in the common disenchantment; and the same cold spirit which has chased so many lovely illusions from the earth, has dispeopled heaven of half its marvels and its splendours.

We could enlarge with pleasure upon these just and interesting speculations; but it is time we should think of drawing this article to a close; and we must take notice of a very extraordinary transaction which M. Grimm has recorded with regard to the final publication of the celebrated *Encyclopedie*. The redaction of this great work, it is known, was ultimately confided to *Diderot*; who thought it best, after the disturbances that had been excited by the separate publication of some of the earlier volumes, to keep up the whole of the last ten till the printing was finished; and then to put forth the complete work at once. A bookseller by the name of *Breton*, who was a joint proprietor of the work, had the charge of the mechanical part of the concern; but, being wholly illiterate, and indeed without pretensions to literature, had of course no concern with the correction, or even the perusal of the text. This person, however, who had heard of the clamours and threatened prosecutions which were excited by the freedom of some articles in the earlier volumes, took it into his head that the value and security of the property might be improved, by a prudent castigation of the remaining parts; and accordingly, after receiving from *Diderot* the last proofs and revises of the different articles, took them home, and, with the assistance of another tradesman, scored out, altered and suppressed, at their own discretion, all the passages which they, in their wisdom, apprehended might give offence to the court, or the church, or any other persons in authority—giving themselves, for the most part, no sort of trouble to connect the disjointed passages that were left after these mutilations—and sometimes soldering them together with masses of their own stupid vulgarity. After these precious ameliorations were completed, they threw off the full impression; and, to make all sure and irremediable, consigned both the manuscript and the original proofs to the flames! Such, says M. Grimm, is the true explanation of that mass of impertinences, contradictions and incoherences, with which all the world has been struck, in the last ten volumes of this great compilation. It was not discovered till the very eve of the publication; when *Diderot*, having a desire to look back to one of his own articles, printed some years before, with difficulty obtained a copy of the sheets containing it from the warehouse of M. *Breton*—and found, to his horror and consternation, that it had been garbled and mutilated in the manner we have just stated. His rage and vexation on the discovery are well expressed in a

long letter to Breton, which M. Grimm has engrossed in his register. The mischief, however, was irremediable, without an intolerable delay and expense; and as it was impossible for the editor to take any steps to bring Breton to punishment for this "horrible forfait," without openly avowing the intended publication of a work which the court only tolerated by affecting ignorance of its existence, it was at last resolved, with many tears of rage and vexation, to keep the abomination secret—at least till it was proclaimed by the indignant denunciations of the respective authors whose works had been subjected to such cruel mutilation. The most surprising part of the story however is, that none of these authors ever made any complaint about the matter. Whether the number of years that had elapsed since the time when most of them had furnished their papers had made them insensible of the alterations—whether they believed the change effected by the base hand of Breton to have originated with Diderot, their legal censor—or that, in fact, the alterations were chiefly in the articles of the said Diderot himself, we cannot pretend to say; but M. Grimm assures us, that, to his astonishment and that of Diderot, the mutilated publication, when it at last made its appearance, was very quietly received by the injured authors as their authentic production, and apologies humbly made, by some of them, for imperfections that had been created by the beast of a publisher.

There are many curious and original anecdotes of the Empress of Russia in this book; and as she always appeared to advantage where munificence and clemency to individuals were concerned, they are certainly calculated to give us a very favourable impression of that extraordinary woman. We can only afford room now for one, which characterizes the nation as well as its sovereign. A popular poet of the name of Sumarokoff, had quarrelled with the leading actress at Moscow, and protested that she should never again have the honour to perform in any of his tragedies. The Governor of Moscow, however, not being aware of this theatrical feud, thought fit to order one of Sumarokoff's tragedies for representation, and also to command the services of the offending actress on the occasion. Sumarokoff did not venture to take any step against his excellency the governor; but when the heroine advanced in full Muscovite costume on the stage, the indignant poet rushed forward from behind the scenes, seized her reluctantly by the collar and waist, and tossed her furiously from the boards. He then went home, and indited two querulous and sublime epistles to the empress. Catharine, in the midst of her gigantic schemes of conquest and improvement, had the patience to sit down and address the following good humoured and sensible exhortation to the disordered bard.

“Monsieur Sumarokoff, j’ai été fort étonnée de votre lettre du 28 Janvier, et encore plus de celle du premier Février. Toutes deux contiennent, à ce qu’il me semble, des plaintes contre la Belmontia qui pourtant n’a fait que suivre les ordres du comte Soltikoff. Le feld-maréchal a désiré de voir représenter votre tragédie ; cela vous fait honneur. Il était convenable de vous conformer au désir de la première personne en autorité à Moscou ; mais si elle a jugé à propos d’ordonner que cette pièce fût représentée, il fallait exécuter sa volonté sans contestation. Je crois que vous savez mieux que personne combien de respect méritent des hommes qui ont servi avec gloire, et dont la tête est couverte de cheveux blancs ; c’est pourquoi je vous conseille d’éviter de pareilles disputes à l’avenir. Par ce moyen vous conserverez la tranquillité d’âme qui est nécessaire pour vos ouvrages, et il me sera toujours plus agréable de voir les passions représentées dans vos drames que de les lire dans vos lettres.

“Au surplus, je suis votre affectionnée. *Signé CATHERINE.*”

“Je conseille,” adds M. Grimm, “à tout ministre chargé du département des lettres de cachet, d’enregistrer ce formulaire à son greffe, et à tout hasard de n’en jamais délivrer d’autres aux poètes et à tout ce qui a droit d’être du genre irritable, c’est-à-dire enfant et fou par état. Après cette lettre qui mérite peut-être autant l’immortalité que les monumens de la sagesse et de la gloire du règne actuel de la Russie, je meurs de peur de m’affermir dans la pensée hérétique que l’esprit ne gâte jamais rien, même sur le trône.”

But it is at last necessary to close these entertaining volumes—though we have not been able to furnish our readers with any thing like a fair specimen of their various and miscellaneous contents. Whoever wishes to see the economists wittily abused—to read a full and picturesque account of the tragical rejoicings that filled Paris with mourning at the marriage of the late king—to learn how *Paul Jones* was a writer of pastorals and love songs—or how they made carriages of leather, and evaporated diamonds in 1772—to trace the *début* of Mad. de Staël as an author at the age of twelve, in the year —!—to understand M. Grimm’s notions on suicide and happiness—to know in what the *unique* charm of Madlle *Thevenin* consisted—and in what manner the dispute between the patrons of the French and the Italian music was conducted—will do well to peruse the five thick volumes, in which these, and innumerable other matters of equal importance are discussed, with the talent and vivacity with which the reader must have been struck, in the least of the foregoing extracts.

We add but one trivial remark, which is forced upon us, indeed, at almost every page of this correspondence. The profession of literature must be much wholesomer in France than in any other country:—for though the volumes before us may be regarded as a great literary obituary, and record the deaths, we suppose, of more than a hundred persons of some note in the

world of letters, we scarcely meet with an individual who is less than seventy or eighty years of age—and no very small proportion actually last till near ninety or a hundred—although the greater part of them seem neither to have lodged so high, nor lived so low, as their more active and abstemious brethren in other cities. M. Grimm observes, that, by a remarkable fatality, Europe was deprived, in the course of little more than six months, of the splendid and commanding talents of Rousseau, Voltaire, Haller, Linnæus, Heidegger, Lord Chatham, and Le Kain—a constellation of genius, he adds, that when it set to us, must have carried a dazzling light into the domains of the King of Terrors, and excited no small alarm in his ministers—if they bear any resemblance to the ministers of other sovereigns.



The Giaour, a Fragment of a Turkish Tale. By Lord Byron.
8vo. pp. 41.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

THIS, we think, is very beautiful—or, at all events, full of spirit, character, and originality;—nor can we think that we have any reason to envy the Turkish auditors of the entire tale, while we have its fragments thus served up by a *restaurateur* of such taste as Lord Byron. Since the increasing levity of the present age, indeed, has rendered it impatient of the long stories that used to delight our ancestors, the taste for fragments, we suspect, has become very general; and the greater part of polite readers would now no more think of sitting down to a whole epic than to a whole ox:—And truly, when we consider how few long poems there are, out of which we should not wish very long passages to have been omitted, we will confess that it is a taste which we are rather inclined to patronize—notwithstanding the obscurity it may occasionally produce, and the havoc it must necessarily make, among the proportions, developments, and *callidæ juncturæ* of the critics. The truth is, we suspect, that after we once know what it contains, no long poem is ever read but in fragments;—and that the connecting passages, which are always skipped after the first reading, are often so tedious as to deter us from thinking of a second;—and in very many cases so awkwardly and imperfectly brought out, that it is infinitely less laborious to *guess at* the author's principle of combination, than to follow out his full explanation of it.

In the present instance, however, we do not think that we are driven upon such an alternative; for though we have heard that

some persons of slender sagacity, or small poetical experience, have been at a loss to make out the thread of the story, it certainly appears to us to be as free from obscurity as any *poetical* narrative with which we are acquainted—and is plain and elementary in the highest degree, when compared with the *lyric* compositions either of the Greeks, or of the Orientals. For the sake of such humble readers, however, as are liable to be perplexed by an *ellipsis*, we subjoin the following brief outline—by the help of which they will easily be able to connect the detached fragments from which it is faithfully deduced.

Giaour is the Turkish word for infidel; and signifies, upon this occasion, a daring and amorous youth, who, in one of his rambles into Turkey, had been smitten with the charms of the favourite of a rich Emir; and had succeeded not only in winning her affections, but in finding opportunities for the indulgence of their mutual passion. By and by, however, Hassan discovers their secret intercourse; and in a frenzy of jealous rage, sews the beauteous Leila up in a sheet—rows her out, in a calm evening, to a still and deep part of the channel—and plunges her into the dark and shuddering flood. The *Giaour* speedily comes to the knowledge of this inhuman vengeance; and mad with grief and resentment, joins himself to a band of plundering Arnauts, and watches the steps of the cruel Hassan, who, after giving out that Leila had eloped from his Serai, proceeds, in a few days, with a gorgeous and armed train, to woo a richer and more noble beauty. The *Giaour* sets upon him as he is issuing from a rocky defile, and after a sanguinary contest, immolates him to the shade of the murdered Leila. Then, perturbed in spirit, and perpetually haunted by the vision of that lovely victim, he returns to his own country, and takes refuge in a convent of Anchorets;—not, however, to pray or repent, but merely for the solitude and congenial gloom of that lonely retreat. Worn out with the agony of his recollections, and the constant visitation of his stormy passions, he there dies at the end of a few miserable years; and discloses to the pious priest whom pity and duty had brought to the side of his couch, as much of his character and history as the noble author has thought fit to make known to his readers.

Such is the simple outline of this tale—which Turk or Christian might have conceived as we have given it, without any great waste of invention—but to which we do not think any other but Lord Byron himself could have imparted the force and the character which are conspicuous in the fragments that are now before us. What the noble author has most strongly conceived and most happily expressed, is the character of the *Giaour*;—of which, though some of the elements are sufficiently familiar in poetry, the sketch which is here given appears to us in the highest degree

striking and original. The fiery soul of the Marmion and Bertram of Scott, with their love of lofty daring, their scorn of soft contemplation or petty comforts, and their proud defiance of law, religion, and conscience itself—are combined with something of the constitutional gloom, and the mingled disdain and regret for human nature, which were invented for Childe Harold; while the sterner features of that lofty portraiture are softened down by the prevalence of an ardent passion for the gentlest of human beings, and shaded over by the overwhelming grief which the loss of her had occasioned. The poetical effect of the picture, too, is not lowered, in the present instance, by the addition of any of those debasing features, by which Mr. Scott probably intended to give a greater air of nature and reality to his representations. The Giaour has no sympathy with Marmion in his love of broad meadows and fertile fields—nor with Bertram, in his taste for plunder and low debauchery; and while he agrees with them in placing in the first rank of honour the savage virtues of dauntless courage and terrible pride, knows far better how much more delightfully the mind is stirred by a deep and energetic attachment. The whole poem, indeed, may be considered as an exposition of the doctrine that the enjoyment of high minds is only to be found in the unbounded vehemence and strong tumult of the feelings; and that all gentler emotions are tame and feeble, and unworthy to move the soul that can bear the agency of the greater passions. It is the force and feeling with which this sentiment is expressed and illustrated, which gives the piece before us its chief excellence and effect; and has enabled Lord Byron to turn the elements of an ordinary tale of murder into a strain of noble and impassioned poetry.

The images are sometimes strained and unnatural—and the language sometimes harsh and neglected, or abrupt and disorderly; but the effect of the whole is powerful and pathetic; and, when we compare the general character of the poem to that of the more energetic parts of Campbell's *O'Connor's Child*, though without the softness, the wildness, or the occasional weakness, of that enchanting composition, and to the better parts of Crabbe's *Lyrical Tales*, without their coarseness or details—we have said more to recommend this little volume to all true lovers of poetry, than if we had employed a much larger space than it occupies with a critique and analysis of its contents. It is but fair, however, that the reader should be enabled to judge, from a few specimens, of the justness or accuracy of this comparative estimate. He may take, first, the following little sketch of an oriental beauty.

“Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell—
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well,

As large, as languishingly dark,
 But soul beam'd forth in every spark
 That darted from beneath its lid,
 Bright as the gem of Giamschid.
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue,
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew
 Their bloom in blushes ever new—
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow
 When left to roll its folds below,
 As midst her handmaids in the hall
 She stood superior to them all,
 Hath swept the marble where her feet
 Gleamed whiter than the mountain sleet
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth." P. 11. 13.

The drowning of this lovely, loving, and unresisting creature, is described with great force and feeling. Hassan comes, in profound silence, with a silent band, bearing gently among them a silent and heaving burden in a white sheet. They row out in a still and golden evening from the rocky shore, and silently slip their burden into the water.

"Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank;
 I watch'd it as it sank—methought
 Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirr'd it more—'twas but the beam
 That chequer'd o'er the living stream—
 I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,
 Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep,
 Which, trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves." P. 5, 6.

The death of Hassan is no less characteristic, and forms a picture of equal excellence, though of a very different expression.

"With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 That quivers round the faithless brand;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn

That streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,
 His heart with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate,
 Surviving left his quenchless hate;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below." P. 19, 20.

The imprecation of the Moslem upon the Christian conqueror, is also conceived with great spirit. The passage about the vampyre is the most original and energetic.

"But first, on earth as Vampyre sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race,
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse," &c.

"But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest—most belov'd of all,
 Shall *bless* thee with a *father's* name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue."

"Wet with thine own best blood shall drip,
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave—
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave." P. 23—25.

We hasten, however, to the Giaour's own dying and passionate confessions; in which, we think, the chief force and beauty of the poem is summed up. It opens thus—

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
 'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
 To bid the sins of others cease,
 Thyself without a crime or care,
 Save transient ills that all must bear,
 Has been thy lot from youth to age,
 And thou wilt bless thee from the rage

Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
Such as thy penitents unfold,
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
Within thy pure and pitying breast.' " P. 30.

He then goes on to explain his own principles of action, and the state in which they had left him.

"My days, though few, have pass'd below
In much of joy, but more of wo;
Yet still in hours of love or strife
I've scap'd the weariness of life;
Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
I loath'd the languor of repose;
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate;
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze;
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 't is rest—
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was—and would be still,
Though Hope hath long withdrawn her beam.'" P. 30, 31.

But the whole energy of the character, and of the author's genius, bursts out in the following fragments.

"I lov'd her, friar! nay, adored—
But these are words that all can use—
I prov'd it more in deed than word—
There's blood upon that dinted sword—
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her who died for me,
It warmed the heart of one abhorred:
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
Nor midst my *sins* such act record,
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,' " &c. P. 31, 32.

"She died—I dare not tell thee how,
But look—'tis written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time:

Still, ere thou dost condemn me—pause—
 Not mine the act, though mine* the cause;
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one;
 Faithless to him—he gave the blow,
 But true to me—I laid him low;
 Howe'er deserv'd her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me.
 His death sits lightly; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near—
 As filed the troop to where they fell!" P. 33, 34.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name;
 But mine was like the lava flood
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame,
 I cannot prate in puling strain
 Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain;
 If changing cheek—and scorching vein—
 Lips taught to writhe—but not complain—
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
 And all that I have felt—and feel—
 Betoken love—that love was mine,
 And shown by many a bitter sign.
 'Tis true I could not whine nor sigh,
 I knew but to obtain or die.
 I die—but first I have possest,
 And come what may, I *have been* blest;
 Even now alone, yet undismay'd,
 (I know no friend, and ask no aid,)
 But for the thought of Leila slain,
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,
 So would I live and love again.
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
 For him who dies, but her who died;
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave,
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
 This breaking heart and throbbing head
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.'" P. 35—37.

These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the poem—and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy

* It should be "though *I* the cause"—*mine* has no meaning, or quite a different one from what the author obviously intended.

to eclipse by many citations in the language. Different readers, however, may think differently; and some will probably be better pleased with the following parallel of hunting butterflies and courting beauties. The idea is not quite original—and the parallel is pushed too far into detail; but it is written not only with great elegance and ingenuity, but with a degree of feeling that does not always appear in those plays of the imagination.

“ As rising on its purple wing
The insect queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Who waits the insect and the maid,
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Has brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every wo a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.” P. 6—8.

The sentiment of the following passage is striking and original; but the image by which it is illustrated is not of a poetical character, nor introduced with much elegance of language; while the minuteness into which it is pursued is still more objectionable than in the preceding example.

"To love the softest hearts are prone,
 But such can n'er be all his own;
 Too timid in his woes to share,
 Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
 And sterner hearts alone may feel
 The wound that time can never heal.
 The rugged metal of the mine
 Must burn before its surface shine,
 But plung'd within the furnace-flame,
 It bends and melts—though still the same;
 Then tempered to thy want, or will,
 'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
 A breastplate for thine hour of need,
 Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
 But if a dagger's form it bear,
 Let those who shape its edge beware!
 Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
 Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
 From these its form and tone is ta'en,
 And what they make it, must remain,
 But break—before it bend again." P. 27, 28.

We shall add but one other exceptionable passage; in which also, though there is much force both of conception and expression, the same ambition of originality has produced a degree of harshness in the diction, and an air of studied ingenuity in the thought, which is very remote from the general style either of the piece or its author.

"The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
 And darts into her desperate brain.—
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like Scorpion girt by fire:
 So writhes the mind by conscience riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death!—" P. 8, 9.

There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and

almost oppressive character, in the following extraordinary passage; in which the author has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect, of the once busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mournful, and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can now recollect in the whole compass of poetry.

“ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled;
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress;
 (Before Decay’s effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;)—
 And mark’d the mild angelic air—
 The rapture of repose that’s there—
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Whose touch thrills with mortality,
 And curdles to the gazer’s heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
 Yes—but for these and these alone,
 Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant’s power,
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal’d
 The first—last look—by death reveal’d!
 Such is the aspect of this shore—
 ’Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start—for soul is wanting there.
 Her’s is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
 Expression’s last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish’d earth! P. 3—5.

The oriental *costume* is preserved, as might be expected, with admirable fidelity through the whole of this poem; and the Turkish original of the tale is attested, to all but the bolder sceptics of literature, by the great variety of untranslated words which perplex the unlearned reader in the course of these fragments. *Kiosks*,

Caiques, and *Muessins*, indeed, are articles with which all readers of modern travels are forced to be pretty familiar; but *Chiaus*, *palampore*, and *ataghan*, are rather more puzzling: they are well sounding words, however; and as they probably express things for which we have no appropriate words of our own, we shall not now object to their introduction. But we cannot extend the same indulgence to *Phingari*, which signifies merely the moon; which though a humble monosyllable, we maintain to be a very good word either for verse or prose, and can, on no account, allow to be supplanted, at this time of day, by any such new and unchristian appellation.

The faults of diction which may be charged against the noble author, are sufficiently apparent in several of the passages we have quoted, and need not be farther specified. They are faults, some of them of carelessness, and some, we think, of bad taste—but as they are not very flagrant in either way, it would probably do the author no good to point them out particularly to his notice. The former, we suspect, he would not take the trouble to correct—and of the existence of the latter we are not sure that we should easily convince him.

We hope, however, that he will go on, and give us more fragments from his oriental collections; and powerful as he is in the expression of the darker passions and more gloomy emotions from which the energy and the terrors of poetry are chiefly derived, we own we should like now and then to meet in his pages with something more cheerful, more amiable, and more tender. The most delightful, and, after all, the most poetical of all illusions, are those by which human happiness, and human virtue, and affection, are magnified beyond their natural dimensions, and represented in purer and brighter colours than nature can furnish, even to partial observation. Such enchanting pictures not only gladden life by the glories which they pour on the imagination—but exalt and improve it, by raising the standard both of excellence and enjoyment beyond the vulgar level of sober precept and actual example; and produce on the ages and countries which they adorn, something of the same effect, with the occasional occurrence of great and heroic characters in real life—those moral *avatars*, by whose successive advents the dignity of our nature is maintained against a long series of degradations, and its divine original and high destination made palpable to the feelings of all to whom it belongs. The sterner and more terrible poetry which is conversant with the guilty and vindictive passions, is not, indeed, without its use both in purging and in exalting the soul: but the delight which it yields is of a less pure, and more overpowering nature; and the impressions which it leaves behind are of a more dangerous and ambiguous tendency. Energy of character and

intensity of emotion are sublime in themselves, and attractive in the highest degree as objects of admiration; but the admiration which they excite, when presented in combination with worthlessness and guilt, is one of the most powerful corrupters and perverters of our moral nature; and is the more to be lamented, as it is most apt to exert its influence on the noblest characters. The poetry of Lord Byron is full of this perversion; and it is because we conceive it capable of producing other and still more delightful sensations than those of admiration, that we wish to see it employed upon subjects less gloomy and revolting than those to which it has hitherto been almost exclusively devoted.

As Essay towards a Theory of Apparitions. By John Ferriar,
M. D. 12mo, pp. 150.

DR. FERRIAR treats his subject as a physician, and finds, in diseased action of the brain, the source of those symptoms, which perplex and distress patients labouring under not heavy, but *light* insanity. He has collected a number of cases in which the nature of the disease is clear; he has also adduced some of real physical spectral images, which lead us to regret that he has not extended his communications on this amusing and interesting branch of his subject. We have lately adduced several instances of delusive appearances in the heavens, in reference to distant objects; an article inserted in a note by Dr. F. brings the appearance to a much nearer approach.

"After having been here for the thirtieth time," says Mr. Hauc, "and, besides other objects of my attention, having procured information respecting the above-mentioned atmospheric phenomenon, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing it; and perhaps my description may afford satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinnichshohe. In the southwest, however, towards the Achtermaunshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it their transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds. About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the southwest; when I observed, at a very great distance towards the Achtermaunshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my hand towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hope of seeing

this shadowy image without being able to satisfy my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance in the Achtermaunshohe. I paid my respects to it a second time and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermaunshohe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliment by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position; kept our eyes fixed upon the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated—but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and according to analogy the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around, or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eye steadfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observations of Germany."

Still more curious is an instance recorded by Don Juan de Ulloa, in his voyage to South America, which we transcribe from the English translation, 1772, vol. 1. p. 442. "We saw a surprising phenomenon on our first ascent to Pambamarca. At break of day the whole mountain was encompassed with very thick clouds, which the rising of the sun dispersed so far as to leave only some vapours of a tenuity not cognisable by the sight: on the opposite side to that where the sun rose, and about ten toises distant from the place where we were standing, we saw, as in a looking-glass, the image of each of us, the head being, as it were, the centre of three concentric iris's: the last, or most external colours of one touched the first of the following; and at some distance from them all, was a fourth arch entirely white. These were perpendicular to the horizon: and as the person moved, the phenomenon moved also in the same disposition and order. But what was remarkable, though we were six or seven together, every one saw the phenomenon with regard to himself, and not that relating to others. The diameter of the arches gradually altered

with the ascent of the sun above the horizon: and the phenomenon itself, after continuing a long time, insensibly vanished."

What might not a poetical imagination, or a superstitious mind, or a mind softened at the time by a particular loss of relatives, or other affliction, have inferred from these indications of celestial apotheosis and glory? Especially as each saw the optical spectra singly, what might not silence, or what might not solitude, have suggested, aided by accidental circumstances easily imagined. These appearances occurred among mountains, and it may be recollected that mountain scenery has ever been favourable to interviews with the spirits of departed heroes, with the mighty dead, supposed to haunt their former residences. Were they other than clouds assuming certain forms, or effects of light and shade flitting among the heights, or phenomena dependent on the refraction of the rays of light, solar or lunar?

But some have held conversations with spirits. Dr. F. admits that Tasso really *saw* the appearances with which he conversed; *i. e.* that such images were really present by impressions made on his disordered bodily organs: had he noticed the curious particular that Tasso's study was a Gothic apartment, and that he fancied his familiar spirit conversed with him through a window of stained glass, he might have found a very powerful support to his theory: the *coloured* rays certainly affected the poet's organs of vision: by delusive but not unreal operation. Dr. F. admits also, that Brutus *saw*, with his bodily organs, the spectre that promised to meet him at Philippi; but he has paid no attention to the circumstances which surrounded Brutus at the time. He was accustomed to read in his tent, at midnight, when his bodily frame was debilitated by fatigue, and his spirits exhausted by long and toilsome marches, by the duties of the day;—he was, therefore, in a state to be led astray by a predisposed imagination. What was the subject of the book he was reading?—Was it Plato, on the Immortality of the Soul, or was it the theory of the dying Bramin, who prophetically warned Alexander that they should meet at Babylon? Either of these might suggest the idea of a spectre rising to disturb his meditation, or a spirit predicting a meeting, at which the hero promised to be present.

Some curious persons, of uncommon strength of mind, and sufficiently informed, have watched the progress of this disease in themselves, and have distinguished its effects. Among the most decisive of these is the case of Nicolai, the celebrated author and bookseller of Berlin. He was accustomed to lose blood twice a year; but this was omitted at the close of the year 1790, when it ought to have taken place. Says he,

"I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional

this shadowy image without being able to satisfy my curiosity. I immediately made another movement by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance in the Achtermaunshohe. I paid my respects to it a second time and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermaunshohe, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliment by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position; kept our eyes fixed upon the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated—but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined. Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and according to analogy the case will be the same at the setting sun, throws his rays over the Broken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around, or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eye steadfastly upon them, and, in all probability, he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observations of Germany."

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"I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional

misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which were followed on the 24th of February by a most violent altercation. My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them; on a sudden I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person; I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see any thing; my question therefore alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantasm continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep which lasted about half an hour: the physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped that there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced farther consequences which deserve a more minute description.

“ At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife’s apartment, but there likewise I was prevented by the apparition, which, however, at intervals, disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture: about six o’clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connexion with the first.

“ As when the first terror was over, I beheld the phantasms with great emotion taking them for what they really were, remarkable consequences of an indisposition, I endeavoured to collect myself as much as possible, that I might preserve a clear consciousness of the changes which should take place within myself; I observed these phantasms very closely, and frequently reflected on my antecedent thoughts to discover, if possible, by means of what association of ideas exactly, these forms presented themselves to my imagination; I thought at times I had found a clew, but taking the whole together I could not make out any natural connexion between the occupations of my mind, my occupations, my regular thoughts, and the multifarious forms which now appeared to me, and now again disappeared. After repeated and close observations, and calm examination, I was unable to form any conclusion relative to the origin and continuation of the different phantasms which presented themselves to me. All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular state, such phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them; that these illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas, and that probably other people who may have had similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament.

“ I attempted to produce at pleasure, phantasms of persons whom I knew, by intensely reflecting on their countenance, shape, &c. but distinctly as I called to my lively imagination the respective shades of three of these persons, I still laboured in vain to make them appear to me as phantasms, though I had before involuntarily seen them in that manner, and perceived them some time after, when I least thought of

them. I could at the same time distinguish between phantasms and real objects, and the calmness with which I examined them enabled me to avoid the commission of the smallest mistake. I knew exactly when it only appeared to me that the door was opening and a phantasm entering the room, and when it actually opened and a real person entered.

"These phantasms appeared equally clear and distinct at all times and all circumstances, both when I was by myself and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street; when I shut my eyes these phantasms would sometimes disappear entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed, yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally reappeared when I opened my eyes.

"I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually appeared not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other: I also saw several times people on horseback, dogs and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts as well as in different colours and fashions in their dresses; though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature, none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some having a pleasing appearance.

"I also began to hear them talk; the phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: these consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone: sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was in company, frequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at others they were regularly connected."

These phantoms continued till April 20, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when, after again losing blood,

"I perceived," says he, "that they began to move more slowly. Soon after, their colour began to fade, and at seven o'clock, they were entirely white. But they moved very little, though the forms were as distinct as before: growing, however, by degrees, more obscure; yet not fewer in number, as had generally been the case. The phantoms did not withdraw, nor did they vanish: which previous to that time had frequently happened. They now seemed to dissolve in the air: while fragments of them continued visible a considerable time. About eight o'clock the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT BURROWS.

It is the laudable desire of every brave man to receive the praises of his countrymen: but there is a dearer and more cherished wish that grows closer to his heart; it is to live in the recollections of those he loves and honours; to leave behind him a name, at the mention of which the bosom of friendship shall glow, the eye of affection shall brighten; which shall be a legacy of honest pride to his family, causing it to dwell on his worthy deeds, and glory in his memory. The bravest soldier would not willingly expose himself to certain danger, if he thought that death were to be followed by oblivion; he might rise above the mere dread of bodily pain, but human pride shrinks from the darkness and silence of the grave.

It is the duty, and it is likewise the policy, therefore, of a nation, to pay distinguished honour to the memories of those who have fallen in its service. It is, after all, but a cheap reward for sufferings and death; but it is a reward that will prompt others to the sacrifice, when they see that it is faithfully discharged. The youthful bosom warms with emulation at the praises of departed heroes. The marble monument that bears the story of a nation's admiration and gratitude, becomes an object of ambition. Death, the great terror of warfare, ceases to be an evil when graced with such distinctions; and thus one hero may be said, like a phoenix, to spring from the ashes of his predecessor.

In the gallant young officer who is the subject of the present memoir, we shall see these observations verified; he fought with the illustrious example of his brethren before his eyes, and died with the funeral honours of Lawrence fresh in his recollection.

Lieut. William Burrows was born in 1785, at Kinderton, near Philadelphia, the seat of his father, William Ward Burrows, Esq. of South Carolina. He was educated chiefly under the eye of his parent, who was a gentleman of accomplished mind and polished manners. It is not known whether he was intended for any par-

ticular profession; but great pains were taken to instruct him in the living languages; and at the age of thirteen he was as well acquainted with the German as with his mother tongue; he was likewise kept rigidly at the study of the French, for which, however, he showed a singular aversion. The dawning of his character was pleasing and auspicious; to quickness of intellect he added an amiable disposition and generous sensibility of heart. His character, however, soon assumed more distinct and peculiar features; a shade of reserve began gradually to settle on his manners. At an age when the feelings of other children are continually sallying forth, he seemed to hush his into subjection. He appeared to retire within himself: to cherish a solitary independence of mind, and to rely as much as possible on his own resources. It seemed as if his young imagination had already glanced forth on the rough scene of his future life, and that he was silently preparing himself for its vicissitudes. Nor is it improbable that such was the case. Though little communicative of his hopes and wishes, it was evident that his genius had taken its bias. Even among the gentle employments and elegant pursuits of a polite education, his family was astonished to perceive the rugged symptoms of the sailor continually breaking forth: and his drawing master would sometimes surprise him neglecting the allotted task, to paint the object of his silent adoration—a gallant ship of war.

On finding that such was the determined bent of his inclinations, care was immediately taken to instruct him in naval science. A midshipman's warrant was procured for him in November, 1799, and in the following January he joined the sloop of war *Portsmouth*, commanded by Captain M'Neale, in which he sailed to France. This cruise, while it confirmed his predilection for the life he had adopted, made him acquainted with his own deficiencies. Instead of the puerile vanity and harmless ostentation which striplings generally evince when they first put on their uniform, and feel the importance of command, it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to wear the naval dress, until he had proved himself worthy of it by his services. The same mixture of genuine diffidence and proud humility was observed in the discharge of his duties towards his inferiors; he felt the novelty of his situation, and shrunk from the exercise of authority over the

aged and veteran sailor, whom he considered his superior in seamanship. On his return home, therefore, he requested a furlough of some months, to strengthen him in the principles of navigation. He also resumed the study of the French language, the necessity for which he had experienced in his late cruise, and from his knowledge of grammatical elements, joined to vigorous application, he soon learned to use it with fluency.

He was afterwards ordered on duty, and served on board of various ships until 1803, when he was ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, Commodore Preble. Soon after the arrival of that ship in the Mediterranean, the commodore, noticing his zeal and abilities, made him an acting lieutenant. In the course of the Tripolitan war he distinguished himself on various occasions by his intrepidity; particularly in one instance, when he rushed into the midst of a mutinous body, and seized the ringleader, at the imminent hazard of his life. After his return to the United States, in 1807, he was in different services, and among others, as first lieutenant of the *Hornet*. While in this situation, he distinguished himself greatly during a violent and dangerous gale, insomuch that his brother officers attributed the preservation of the ship entirely to his presence of mind and consummate seamanship.

The details of a sailor's life are generally brief, and little satisfactory. We expect miraculous stories from men who rove the deep, visit every corner of the world, and mingle in storms and battles; and are mortified to find them treating these subjects with provoking brevity. The fact is, these circumstances that excite our wonder, are trite and familiar to their minds. He whose whole life is a tissue of perils and adventures, passes lightly over scenes at which the landsman, accustomed to the security of his fireside, shudders even in imagination. Mere bravery ceases to be a matter of ostentation, when every one around him is brave; and hairbreadth 'scapes are common-place topics among men whose very profession consists in the hourly hazard of existence.

In seeking, therefore, after interesting anecdotes concerning those naval officers whose exploits have excited public enthusiasm, our curiosity is continually baffled by general accounts, or meager particulars, given with the technical brevity of a log-book. We have thus been obliged to pass cursorily over several years

of Burrows' seafaring life, though doubtless chequered by many striking incidents.

From what we can collect, he seems to have been a marked and eccentric character. His peculiarity, instead of being smoothed and worn down by mingling with the world, became more and more prominent, as he advanced in life. He had centered all his pride in becoming a thorough and accomplished sailor, and regarded every thing else with indifference. His manners were an odd compound of carelessness and punctilio, frankness and taciturnity. He stood aloof from the familiarity of strangers, and in his contempt of what he considered fawning and profession, was sometimes apt to offend by blunt simplicity, or chill by reserve. But his character, when once known, seemed to attach by its very eccentricities, and though little studious of pleasing, he soon became a decided favourite. He had an original turn of thought and a strong perception of every thing ludicrous and characteristic. Though scarcely ever seen to laugh himself, he possessed an exquisite vein of dry humour which he would occasionally indulge in the hours of hilarity, and, without moving a muscle of his own countenance, would set the table in a roar. When under the influence of this lurking drollery, every thing he said and did was odd and whimsical. His replies were remarkably happy, and, heightened by the peculiarity of his manner, and the provoking gravity of his demeanour, were sources of infinite merriment to his associates. It was his delight to put on the dress of the common sailor, and explore the haunts of low life, drawing from thence traits of character and comic scenes with which he would sometimes entertain his messmates.

But with all this careless and eccentric manner, he possessed a heart full of noble qualities. He was proud of spirit, but perfectly unassuming; jealous of his own rights, but scrupulously considerate of those of others. His friendships were strong and sincere; and he was zealous in the performance of secret and important services for those to whom he was attached. There was a rough benevolence in his disposition that manifested itself in a thousand odd ways; nothing delighted him more than to surprise the distressed with relief, and he was noted for his kindness and condescension towards the humble and dependent. His companions were full of his generous deeds, and he was the darling

of the common sailors. Such was the sterling worth that lay encrusted in an unpromising exterior, and hidden from the world by a forbidding and taciturn reserve.

With such strong sensibilities and solitary pride of character, it was the lot of Burrows to be wounded in that tender part where the feelings of officers seem most assailable. In his promotion to a lieutenancy he had the mortification to find himself outranked by junior officers, some of whom he had commanded in the Tripolitan war. He remonstrated to the navy department, but without redress. On Mr. Hamilton's going into office, he stated to him his claims, and, impatient of the slight which he conceived he had suffered, offered to resign his commission, which, however, was not accepted. Whether the wrongs of which he complained were real or imaginary, they preyed deeply on his mind. He seemed for a time to grow careless of the world and of himself; withdrew more than ever from society, and abandoned himself to the silent broodings of a wounded spirit. Perhaps this morbid sensibility of feeling might in some measure have been occasioned by infirmity of body, his health having been broken by continual and severe duty; but it belongs to a saturnine character, like that of Burrows, to feel deeply and sorely. Men of gayer spirits and more mercurial temperament, may readily shake off vexation, or bustle it away amid the amusements and occupations of the world; but Burrows was scanty in his pleasures, limited in his resources, single in his ambition. Naval distinction was the object of all his hope and pride; it was the only light that led him on and cheered his way, and whatever intervened left him in darkness and dreariness of heart.

Finding his resignation was not accepted, and feeling temporary disgust at the service, he applied for a furlough, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. He then entered as first officer on board the merchant ship *Thomas Penrose*, Capt. Ansley, and sailed on a commercial voyage to Canton. On his return passage he was captured and carried into Barbadoes, but permitted to come home, on parole. Immediately on his being exchanged, in June, 1813, he was appointed to the command of the brig *Enterprise*, at Portsmouth.

This appointment seemed to infuse new life and spirits into

Burrows, and to change his whole deportment. His proper pride was gratified on having a separate command; he no longer felt like an unimportant individual, but that he had rank and station to support. He threw off a great deal of his habitual reserve, became urbane and attentive; and those who had lately looked upon him as a mere misanthrope, were delighted with the manly frankness of his manners.

On the first of September, the *Enterprise* sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise. On the fifth, early in the morning, they espied a brig in shore getting under way. They reconnoitred her for a while to ascertain her character, of which they were soon informed by her hoisting three British ensigns, and firing a shot as a challenge. The *Enterprise* then haled upon a wind, stood out of the bay, and prepared for action. A calm for some time delayed the encounter; it was succeeded by a breeze from the S. W. which gave our vessel the weathergage. After manœuvring for a while to the windward in order to try her sailing with the enemy, and to ascertain his force, the *Enterprise*, about 3 P. M., shortened sail, hoisted three ensigns, fired a gun, tacked, and ran down with an intention to bring him to close quarters. When within half pistol shot the enemy gave three cheers, and commenced the action with his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned on our part, and the action became general. In about five minutes after the battle had commenced, the gallant Burrows received a musket ball in his body and fell; he however refused to be carried below, but continued on deck through the action. The active command was then taken by Lieut. M'Call, who conducted himself with great skill and coolness. The enemy was out manœuvred and cut up: his maintopmast and topsail-yard shot away; a position gained on his starboard bow, and a raking fire kept up, until his guns were silenced and he cried for quarters, saying that as his colours were nailed to the mast he could not hale them down. The prize proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig *Boxer* of 14 guns. The number of her crew is a matter of conjecture and dispute. Sixty-four prisoners were taken, seventeen of whom were wounded. How many of the dead were thrown

into the sea during the action it is impossible to say ;* the British return only four as killed ; courtesy forbids us to question the veracity of an officer on mere presumption ; but it is ever the natural wish of the vanquished to depreciate their force ; and, in truth, we have seen with regret various instances of disingenuousness on the part of the enemy, in their statements of our naval encounters. But we will not enter into disputes of this kind. It is enough that the enemy entered into the battle with a bravado at the mast head, and a confidence of success ; this either implied a consciousness of his own force, or a low opinion of his antagonist ; in either case he was mistaken. It is a fruitless task to vindicate victories against the excuses of the vanquished—sufficient for the victor is the joy of his triumph, he should allow the enemy the consolation of accounting for it.

We turn gladly from such an idle discussion to notice the last moments of the worthy Burrows. There needs no elaborate pencil to impart pathos and grandeur to the death of a brave man. The simple anecdotes given in simple terms by his surviving comrades, present more striking pictures, than could be wrought up by the most refined attempts of art. “At 20 minutes past three P. M.” says one account, “our brave commander fell, and while lying on the deck, refusing to be carried below, raised his head and requested that *the flag might never be struck.*” In this situation he remained during the rest of the engagement, regardless of bodily pain ; regardless of the life-blood fast ebbing from his wound ; watching with anxious eye the vicissitudes of battle ; cheering his men by his voice, but animating them still more by his glorious example. When the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, we are told that he clasped his hands and exclaimed, “I am satisfied, I die contented !” He now permitted himself to be carried below, and the necessary attentions were paid to save his life, or alleviate his sufferings. His wound, however, was

* In a letter from Captain Hull to Commodore Bainbridge he describes the state of the Boxer when brought into port : and observes, “We find it impossible to get at the number of killed ; no papers are found by which we can ascertain it. I however counted ninety hammocks which were in her netting with beds in them, besides several beds without hammocks ; and she had excellent accommodations for all her officers below in state-rooms, so that I have no doubt that she had one hundred men on board.”

beyond the power of surgery, and he breathed his last within a few hours after the victory.

The commander of the *Boxer*, Captain Samuel Blythe, was killed early in the action by a cannon ball; had he lived he might have defended his ship more desperately, but it is not probable with more success. He was an officer of distinguished merit; having received a sword from government for his good conduct under Sir James L. Yeo, in the capture of Cayenne. He was also one of the pall-bearers to our lamented Lawrence, when buried at Halifax. It was his fate now to receive like courtesy at the hands of his enemy. His remains, in company with those of the brave Burrows, were brought to Portland, where they were interred with military honours. It was a striking and affecting sight, to behold two gallant commanders, who had lately been arrayed in deadly hostility against each other, descending into one quiet grave, there to mingle their dust peacefully together.

At the time of his decease Lieutenant Burrows was but in his twenty-ninth year; a most untimely death, as it concerned the interests of his country, and the fulness of his own renown. Had he survived there is little doubt that his great professional merits, being rendered conspicuous by this achievement, would have raised him to importance, and enlarged the sphere of his usefulness. And it is more than probable that those rich qualities of heart and mind, which, chilled by neglect, had lain almost withering in the shade, being once vivified by the quickening rays of public favour, would have sprung forth in full luxuriance. As it is, his public actions will live on the proud page of our naval history, and his private worth will long flourish in the memory of his intimates, who dwell with honest warmth on the eccentric merits of this generous and truehearted sailor. For himself he was resigned to his premature fate: life seems never to have had much value in his eyes, and was nothing when weighed with reputation. He had attained the bright object of his wishes, and died in the full fruition of the warrior's hope, with the shouts of victory still sounding in his ears.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

INTERNAL STATE OF FRANCE.

[From the Monthly Magazine, for August, 1813.]

It is upwards of ten years since any correct account of the internal condition of France was submitted to the English nation. The works of Mr. PINKERTON and Miss PLUMPTRE, are doubtless exceptions to this observation; but as their representations did not favour the prejudices which the *inventions* of the London newspapers had succeeded in raising, they have been counteracted by the greater activity and reiterated misstatements of these newspapers. During this absence of all genuine information, we have therefore conceived that we should perform an acceptable service to many of our readers, by collecting some facts from an English gentleman *who has recently returned to London after a residence of nearly eleven years in Paris*. We believe our informant to be a man of strict veracity, or we should not give publicity to his statements; at the same time they must be left to speak for themselves, and we consider that we are merely filling up, by means accidentally presented to us, an hiatus in the public intelligence, on subjects which merit the most serious attention.

According to the testimony of our informant, "The forces brought together and raised by Napoleon, after his return from Russia, for the opening of the northern campaign of 1813, consisted of

The cohorts, or militia who volunteered	-	-	120,000
Picked troops from Spain, chiefly dismounted cavalry,			
transported in wagons	-	-	60,000
The conscription of 1813	-	-	150,000
ditto for 1814	-	-	120,000
The reserve of seven former conscriptions	-	-	80,000
Veterans from Italy, under Bertrand	-	-	28,000
			<hr/>
			558,000

The half of which had crossed the Rhine before the first of May, forming, with the French troops then in Germany, about 300,000.

"The present French armies and forces in active service are estimated as follows:

In Lusatia and Silesia	-	-	-	250,000
On the Lower Rhine, under Eckmuhl, Belluno, and Vandamme	-	-	-	50,000
Under Castiliogne, at Wurzburg	-	-	-	30,000
Reserve at the grand depot at Mentz, under Valmy	-	-	-	50,000
Under the Viceroy on the Adige	-	-	-	40,000
Under Suchet, and in Catalonia	-	-	-	38,000
Under Jourdan, in or near Navarre	-	-	-	35,000
Under Foix, &c. in Biscay	-	-	-	3,000
In Dantzic, Rome, Naples, and various garrisons	-	-	-	50,000
				<hr/> 546,000
In reserve, training, and in different parts of France				154,000
				<hr/>
Effective French army	-	-	-	700,000

FRENCH ALLIES.

Contingents of the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in Saxony and Bavaria	-	-	-	60,000
Danes on the Lower Rhine, &c.	-	-	-	20,000
Spaniards in Catalonia, &c. &c.	-	-	-	5,000
				<hr/>
				85,000

The Neapolitans are not included, because a lukewarmness has arisen between Napoleon and Murat, owing to the desire of the former to make the latter King of Poland, and then to unite Naples to the kingdom of Italy.

“The best officers in the French service in the public estimation in France are, 1. MACDONALD, Duke of Tarentum, formerly of the Irish brigade, and born of Irish parents, at Douay, a man of excellent character and generally beloved; 2. NEY, Prince of the Mosqua, a native of Alsace, an officer of the rarest qualities, and of great personal bravery, activity and coolness; 3. BEAUHARNOIS, Viceroy of Italy, son of the late empress, remarkable for his presence of mind, courage, and amiable character; 4. OUDINOT, Duke of Reggio, esteemed one of the bravest officers in the French service; 5. SUCHET, Duke of Albufera, an active and skilful officer; 6. SOULT, Duke of Dalmatia, chiefly eminent for his desperate personal courage; 7. VICTOR, Duke of Belluno, an officer of great activity and good moral character.

“BERTHIER, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, eminent for his skill in managing the staff affairs of an army; D'AVOUST, Prince of Eckmuhl, much attached to Napoleon, and confidentially employed by him on difficult services; JUNOT, Duke of Abrantes, a man of great bravery, but devoid of skill as a general, lately sent governor to Venice, owing to various military blunders with which he has been charged; AUGEREAU, Duke of Castiliogne, esteemed

a valuable officer; MASSENA, Prince of Essling, lately retired from service owing to the loss of his sight and other infirmities, but immensely rich; MORTIER, Duke of Treviso, and MARMONT, Duke of Ragusa, owe their promotions chiefly to their personal attachment to Napoleon. JOURDAN has always been deemed an unfortunate commander, and was induced to accompany Joseph into Spain, from a long subsisting friendship between them.

"The famous BARRERE is attached to the police, with a pension of 12,000 livres, and writes the political articles and strictures which appear in the *Moniteur*. BARRAS, the ex-director, lives on his estate in Burgundy; CARNOT lives privately in Paris; SIEYES, created a count and a senator, lives in much splendour in Paris.

"Political parties in France consist chiefly of the adherents of government, of a small party of republicans, and a still smaller party of ancient royalists. The marriage of Napoleon with the Austrian princess, attached the whole Bourbon party to the present dynasty.

"The Ex-King and Queen of Spain, with her Prince of Peace, and two of the junior children, reside at Rome. FERDINAND reposes himself at Valency, near Blois, a chateau belonging to the Prince of Beneventé; he hunts in the forest, and is constantly attended by a gens d'arme; but is supposed to have no inclination to escape, or take on himself the cares of government, owing to the *foiblesse de son esprit*.

"No paper money is in circulation in France. Gold and silver coin exists in great abundance in Napoleons, and double Napoleons of gold; and in the cent sols, two francs, one franc, and half and quarter franc of silver.

"Butcher's meat in Paris is from 4d. 1-2. to 5d. per pound of 20 ounces, at the public markets; bread 2d.; cheese 7d.; butter 1s. 3d. (in April;) potatoes, the English bushel, 4d.; ordinary wine 6d. per bottle; good burgundy 8d.; ordinary claret 10d.; and good claret 1s. 9d. In the provinces, the whole are 30 per cent. cheaper. Colonial produce is very dear. Loaf sugar 6s. per pound; moist sugar 4s. 6d. Coffee 4d. per ounce. The beet-root sugar is at present as dear as West India, and is much mixed with the latter by the venders.

"The direct taxes are but trifling, amounting altogether, to householders, to not more than 5 or 6 per cent. on the rental of their houses. The revenue is chiefly raised by duties on imports and exports, and imposts on staple manufactures, and a land tax of about 5d. in the pound.

"The roads are in fine condition. Of private buildings there are few new ones. Trade in general is dead, and agriculture is not flourishing. Travelling is secure, and robbers little heard of.

There are no public executions, except for murder and coining. The legal prisons are almost empty; but the state prisons are generally full.

“The CODE NAPOLEON is acted upon in all the courts of law in France and its dependencies; and it is generally adopted in the principalities of the Confederation of the Rhine. It is much approved of by the people of France.

“The rage for dress, and luxury in general, is at the highest pitch in Paris. The Napoleon nobility, now become very numerous, keep splendid equipages and great retinues of servants, exceeding any thing known in England, with very sumptuous tables. The Prince of Beneventé; Clarke, Duke of Feltre; Maret, Duke of Bassano; Cambaceres, Prince of Parma; Savary, Duke of Rovigo; the Prince of Eckmühl; Fouchet, Duke of Otranto; and Augereau, Duke of Castiliogne, are supposed to enjoy from 50 to 100,000*l.* sterling per annum; and keep splendid palaces, showy carriages drawn by four and six horses, and retinues of twenty or thirty livery servants, there being in France neither assessed taxes nor property tax.

“The theatres are as much attended as ever; but the churches are neglected, though service is regularly performed in them, and their ministers well paid by the government. All sects are tolerated and protected; the protestant and sectarian ministers having pensions from the government like those of the catholics.

“Napoleon appears in public unprotected; he often walks and rides in and about Paris with only one or two attendants; and indicates no personal fear in his constant visits at the theatres and other public places. He sleeps but six hours; eats freely, and sits at dinner only half an hour, drinking but half a bottle of wine. Notwithstanding his incessant avocations of business, from five in the morning till ten at night, he is described as a man of great gallantry, and is reported to have a numerous progeny by various favourites. All petitioners have easy access to him at the reviews, and at the hunts, and regularly receive his answers to their petitions, through the ministers. The reserve and gravity of his character render him no particular favourite of the French people; yet his merit in restoring order out of the chaos of the revolution, his methods of conciliating all parties, and the splendour of his character and achievements, attach and reconcile all the considerate, ambitious, and military part of the people to his government. No man speaks of the revolution, and of the actors in it, without horror; and no one thinks of the Bourbon family. Bonaparte may not be generally beloved, yet he cannot be said to be hated, and he is never despised. The reigning empress is little esteemed, and in matters of religion is supposed to be very bigoted. She is much attached to her husband, whom she always calls “*mon*

amour." The King of Rome is a healthy child, and very like his father. In the event of the death of Napoleon, it is generally supposed in France that the regency will be readily and quietly established.

"The people always speak with deep concern of the protracted duration of the English war, which they consider as an effect of those malignant coalitions that for twenty-four years have been raised against their revolution and government; and they pant for the return of peace, it may perhaps be said, as anxiously as do many sensible people in England.

"Notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of describing the feelings of the people of hostile nations to each other, it may perhaps be usefully stated, that as the intelligent portion of the French people draw their inferences from the *extraordinary* message of March, 1803, from the documents connected with Lord Whitworth's negotiations about *Malta*, and from the failure of the numerous *overtures* for peace made by Napoleon, they consider the war as wholly UNAVOIDABLE, and as purely DEFENSIVE on the part of France. Besides, they generally speak of all the recent wars merely as continuations of the revolutionary war, and as excited and persevered in by the same jealous and acrimonious spirit against the prosperity and internal government of France, which animated the combined despots from 1790 to 1800; and they number all the new leagues and coalitions against France in a series beginning from that of 1790 till that of 1812. They reckon that they are now contending against the *sixth* of these coalitions; every former one of which has terminated by discomfiture, and by the ruin of some of the parties; and as every coalition ends in the further aggrandizement of France, and in diminished means of the coalesced powers, little anxiety is felt in France about the issue of any of them. Indeed, many French preachers maintain in the pulpits of Paris, that the Almighty, for purposes measured by his inscrutable wisdom, has hardened the hearts of the rulers of nations, as he hardened that of Pharaoh, and that France is but an instrument of Providence in the modern devastations of Europe.

"There are eight newspapers in Paris; the *Moniteur*, the *Journal de l'Empire*, the *Journal de France*, the *Publiciste*, the *Gazette de France*, the *Journal de Santé*, the *Journal de Paris*, and the *Gazette du Soir*. The two first have the greatest circulation; and the whole are the *avowed*, not as in some countries the *covert*, property of the government.

"English newspapers are not read or seen except by the government, so that their extravagant contents and opinions are wholly unknown to the people of Paris and France. Till our informant landed in England he had no idea, except from the occasional re-

plies to them in the *Moniteur*, of the tone and language of the English newspapers relative to the French government. The Medical and Physical Journal, Nicholson's Philosophical Journal, the Monthly Magazine, Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, and the Repertory of Arts and Sciences, may be occasionally seen on the tables of the Imperial Institute.

"The English prisoners residing at large in Paris do not exceed fifty; but the numerous resident English housekeepers still reside there undisturbed. Miss WILLIAMS has left Paris for the south of France. Lady Y. lives in retirement, engaged in the education of her children, and suffering much from ill health. Dr. WATSON, the author of the Life of Fletcher, is dead. Mr. JOHN PARRY, formerly of the *Courier*, lives in much domestic comfort near the Palais Royale. COUNT RUMFORD enjoys the favour and confidence of the French government.

"The grounds of military promotion in the French army are, previous education in the military school, and actual service; the gradations rising regularly from the common soldier to the marshal, according to bravery and merit. A lieutenant's pay is 40*l.*, a captain's 80*l.*, lieutenant-colonel's 125*l.*, colonel's 250*l.*, and a marshal's 3,000*l.*; dukes have 8,000*l.* per annum annexed to the dukedom, counts 1,250*l.*, barons 500*l.*, and a chevalier 125*l.* per annum. In France 100*l.* goes in living generally as far as about 400*l.* in England.

"The Imperial Institute is greatly respected, and all the literary establishments are much attended; science in general being much honoured by the people and government. The French painters, sculptors and engravers have arrived at the highest perfection. The chief painters are DAVID, GROS, and GARAT. CANOVA resides at Rome, but the public buildings at Paris abound in his works. BOILDEAU and DEYLERAC are the favourite composers for the theatres.

"The ornaments added to the old façade of the Louvre, have been finished in the first style of elegance; and the new wing, completing the quadrangle, is in great forwardness. The size of the whole building may be conceived, when it is stated that a hundred thousand men may be reviewed in the square!

"Versailles is undergoing a general repair, and is intended for the future country residence of the imperial court. The present country palaces are St. Cloud, Fontainebleau and Compeigne; the town palaces are the Thuilleries and the Elisées Bourbon."

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A WELCH COLONY IN AMERICA.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

Mr. Editor,

I RECOLLECT seeing, some years ago, in one of the Magazines, a pretty long account of a nation of *White Indians* found in the interior of America, there called the Padoucki nation, and who were supposed to have migrated from Wales during the Saxon wars, under a prince of the name of Madoc, some centuries prior to the discovery of that continent by Columbus. The story was said to have been published in Germany, and several particulars with regard to it were detailed, which I do not now fully recollect. The travels of the American Captains, Lewis and Clarke, from Louisiana, lately published, seem very much to corroborate this account, who designate them by the name of the Pouka nation, and they expressly mention the *WHITE Hunters*: and Mr. Mackenzie calls them the Paducas, or rather the Paduca nation, the final s being intended only as the plural. What seems to me to confirm the probability of their being the descendants of a colony who migrated there under Prince Madoc, is the very name they bear—Padoucki, i. e. *Madoucke*, or rather *Madouckwir*, that is, *Madock men*, which, I am persuaded, is the name by which they designate themselves, the substitution of the P instead of M being nothing more than the corrupt pronunciation of their neighbours, as is the name Pouka and Padouca under which Lewis and Mackenzie mention them. I believe there is still an account in the Welsh Chronology of the time of this migration under Prince Madoc, and of the place from whence they sailed. That they landed on the shore of the Mississippi is very probable. Dampier makes mention of a regular fort, built in the European style, which he observed on that coast; and, as it is said that Madoc made *two* voyages, is it not probable that this fort was built by him to defend this small colony from the fury of the natives, while he returned to Wales for more of his countrymen, and that when they had strengthened themselves by numbers, they proceeded forward, taking the Missouri branch of that great river, to the very spot where they now inhabit. It is astonishing to me that no steps have yet been taken to ascertain this fact. If there were a society formed on the plan of the African Society, I make no doubt but that there might be enterprising young men found in the principality, well versed in the Welsh language, and suffi-

ciently qualified for such an undertaking, who, if encouragement were held out to them, would undertake it with an enthusiasm and ardour perhaps not inferior to that of Park. It appears by Capt. Lewis's account that the fur trade with these people is chiefly carried on in Canada. If, therefore, a direct mission through the savage parts of America should be deemed too hazardous, there are merchants resident in London, who are concerned in this trade, and who might be easily prevailed upon to employ a few intelligent young men, well versed in the language and history of Wales, and station them at the source of this traffic. Such an appointment, if it could lead to an intercourse with the *White Hunters*, would not be without its use. The fact with regard to their migration would, in the first place, be fully ascertained. It would likewise be ascertained whether the language is still intelligible to the natives of the parent country, or whether it is become to a certain degree unintelligible by an admixture with the jargon of their neighbours. If the former should prove to be the case, an intercourse of the firmest kind by means of this *nationality* might be established in the very centre of the American continent, and not only secure to us the fur trade in particular, but perhaps might be attended with some further advantages; and it would also be curious to know something of the manners, religious notions, traditions, the simple arts and sciences still retained by a people so long secluded from their parent state.

I have already said that the substitution of the P for the M in the name of this people must have arisen from the *corrupt pronunciation of their neighbours*. This has been the case with most foreign nations. A singular instance of this may be given, which, I believe, has not been attended to by our historians, in the name of the inhabitants of this island at the time of its invasion by the Romans. It is well known that the natives, then in a state of nature, scarified and painted their bodies in different colours, and with different figures, in order, as they thought, to render themselves more terrific to their enemies; and in consequence of this peculiarity and general custom amongst them, they denominated themselves *Brithon*, i. e. painted men. This is the name by which they designated themselves to the Romans upon their landing amongst them; but they not understanding the meaning of the word, and, as nearly as they could, *imitating their pronunciation*, called them Britannes, or rather Britanne, for I do not believe the s final was pronounced in the Latin by the Romans while it was a living language; and if this supposition be allowed, of which more hereafter, then Britanne for Brithonie, or Brithonwir, comes very nearly to the pronunciation of the natives. By what general name the inhabitants called their country is not now known; but the

Romans, finding the people to designate themselves Brithon, determined to call their country Britannia; but no such name could have been given it by the inhabitants, for there can be no analogy between *painted men* and a painted country, such a name implying an absurdity. Things painted or striped with different colours are at this time called, by the Welsh, Brithon. Black cattle having any slips of white upon them, are still called Da Brithon; and Brith, in the singular, signifies any spotted or striped thing. Those Britons who submitted to the Roman yoke left off the custom of painting themselves, and conformed to the manners of their conquerors; but those who still resisted their power retained that ancient custom, and were afterwards, on that account, denominated by the Romans, according to their *own* language, *Picti*, i. e. painted men—not Brithon, their own ancient name; and these Picts, or the ancient Brithon, were the inveterate enemies both of their civilized countrymen who had given up that custom, and of the Romans.

Give me leave, Mr. Editor, to make one more observation. I have here observed that I do not believe the *s* final in the Latin, and some other final letters, were pronounced by the Romans while a living language. I found my supposition upon this circumstance. The Romans were masters of this island for some centuries, and, consequently, their language was become not only familiar to the ancient inhabitants, but several words of it were adopted and interwoven with the British, and *are still retained in it*, and I make no doubt, in the very same *pronunciation*, or very nearly so, in which it was spoken, although at this time the orthography, as will happen with all languages, may be somewhat different: and I am the more confident of this, as the Welsh is supposed to be at this day the least contaminated with foreign admixtures of any language in Europe. I will instance a few of them, agreeing in *pronunciation*, and differing only in orthography, remarking first of all, that the *pronunciation* is what ought to be chiefly attended to, not the orthography; for the latter will vary in all languages, and the alphabet of the Welsh in particular, being composed more of complete, or rather syllabic, than of simple sounds. The word Deus, God, bears the same signification in both languages, but is pronounced by the Welsh without the *s* final, *Deu*, or according to their orthography, *Duw*; and let it be remarked, that the same pronunciation in the French (the word being also retained in that language) is a strong corroborative proof of its being so pronounced by the Romans themselves. The word Taurus, a bull, is adopted by the Welsh from the Latin, and is pronounced, leaving out the final *s*, *Taru*, or rather *Taroo*, the *a* in the Welsh sounding as *au* in the Latin. Whether the final *a*

was pronounced, I am not confident; but *Fenestra*, a window, is still pronounced by the Welsh, *Fenestur* in the singular, and *Fenestri*, or rather *Fenestre*, in the plural, and indeed all the plurals ending in *es* in the Latin, are invariably pronounced in the British in *i* or *e*, without the *s*. In the word *ovum*, an egg, the *m* seems to be left out by the Welsh, and is pronounced as *oi*, or rather *owi* in the singular, and as *oie* or *owie* in the plural. What sound the letter *v* in this word had in the Latin it is difficult to say, as it is not retained in the Welsh, possibly somewhat like the *w* as pronounced for the *v* by the inhabitants of London and some parts of Kent in the words *veal* and *vinegar*.

Let it also be observed that the pronunciation of several Latin words still retained in the *Spanish* language, as quoted by the Rev. Mr. Townsend in the Univ. Mag. for Oct. 1809, who, however, does not advert to this circumstance, as a further corroborative proof of what I have here advanced; as *toro* for *taurus*, the pronunciation of both, leaving out the *s*, being extremely similar; *oro*, which perhaps ought to have been written *aru*, for *aurum*;—*torpe* for *turpis*;—*poco* for *paucus*;—*mudo* for *mutus*—and several other words which he quotes from that language agreeing exceedingly near in *pronunciation* on leaving out the finals.

Many more words might be selected from the Welsh by those who understand that language, which might be corroborated in their pronunciation by words of the same import both in the French and Spanish, all evidently derived from the Latin. I am not conversant in the language, or its *orthography*, and, consequently, my observations must be very limited; but if gentlemen who have a tolerable knowledge of the Welsh were to pay attention to this circumstance, which might be greatly accelerated by the assistance of a Welsh dictionary, it would be at least a pleasing, if not an instructive amusement.

Having, Mr. Editor, made these observations, I leave them to your consideration, and if upon perusal you shall think them deserving a place in your miscellany, so as to call forth attention, you may insert them; but if not, let them be suppressed, and committed to the flames.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

June 28, 1813.

D. J.

DELLON'S ACCOUNT OF THE INQUISITION AT GOA.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

WE conclude the perusal of this book with mingled sensations of horror and joy!—Horror, that the solemn and merciful name of Christ should be associated with the proceedings of a tribunal so inhuman; and joy, that at length the inquisition is suppressed in Spain, the strong hold of its authority, and is, by treaty with Britain, prohibited from accompanying the court of Portugal to the Brazils, the country in which that court is at present held. We repeat the information, that the Spanish Cortes have voted the abolition of this odious establishment. Henceforward we anticipate, with the privilege of religious freedom, a rapid progress of knowledge, wealth, commerce, and whatever depends on exertion of talent and ingenuity. Spain will rise to real grandeur; and having been the first scene of effectual resistance to the inroads of an insidious and barbarous enemy, that country will, we trust, vindicate its claims to liberty, public and private, personal and mental, civil and religious. The Spanish mind will display itself in proofs of energy, equally striking and patriotic, equally admirable and beneficial. The natives will value Spain, because of the enjoyments it affords them; and the memory of their triumph over the myrmidons of a sanguinary tyrant will be coupled with that of a much greater triumph over a still more sanguinary institution—the holy office.

The holy office is no more—in Spain! May the days be short in which its existence debases any part of the world! May Portugal soon know it only by remembrance: and the colonies of those countries be acquainted with it only as with a bloody scourge, formerly their terror and misery.

Dr. Buchanan, not long ago, visited Goa, and becoming somewhat intimate with one of the chiefs of the holy tribunal, he ventured to obtain information on the subject, while he also communicated some to the inquisitor. The means by which he communicated information were derived from Dellon's Account of the Inquisition. This he furnished the inquisitor for his perusal; and the acknowledgments of that officer, to the correctness of the account, has fixed the character of the work for authenticity. It was always esteemed a genuine work, and what it assumed to be. It has been appealed to as such by well instructed writers on the subject; nevertheless, this new testimony to its veracity has revived its reputation, and this edition of it is one of the consequences.

Dellon was, by birth, a Frenchman: he travelled into India, where (at Damaun, a Portuguese colony) he settled for a time. With the usual libertinage of his nation, and heedless *gaieté de cœur*, in matters of gallantry, he made himself enemies; his danger was converted into distress, by his garrulity and speculative discussions:—insomuch, that his real meaning, or his no-meaning, afforded evidence sufficiently presumptive against him to enable his enemies to accuse him of heresy. Such an accusation at Goa was equivalent to a long imprisonment, to repeated examinations, to tortures of different degrees of severity, to condemnation, and to the horrors of an *auto da fé*, or public execution by burning. It appears that when first committed to prison at Damaun, he was not deprived of all intercourse with friends. He received supplies, without interruption, from a benevolent lady. He had previously accused himself to the commissary, and professed contrition for his crimes, in hopes of avoiding the consequences; he received admonition, and considered himself as absolved. Being removed to Goa, he does not charge the holy office with neglecting its prisoners, by starving them, or otherwise misusing them. He details the particulars of his repeated examinations; the extremes to which he was reduced by his sufferings, and his attempts against his own life. He reports the extreme ignorance of his judges, not only in respect to the doctrines of the bible, but to those promulgated by the council of Trent. He states his condemnation to the flames; with the commutation of his sentence to death for that of a long destination to the galleys. The performance of the *auto da fé*, with its sanguinary rites, is described; not omitting four chests of bones of deceased persons, who had been tried after their decease, and condemned to the flames, in order that the holy office might seize their property. At length, this sufferer was sent to Europe;—he worked some time as a galley-slave at Lisbon; but was released before the full period of his sentence expired, and returned to France by the very first vessel that left the port for that country. To this history are added others of his fellow prisoners; and in an Appendix is given an account of the escape of Mr. Archibald Bower—(who wrote the history of the popes)—he was an inquisitor at Macerata, in Italy, as narrated by himself to a lady, from a copy of whose minutes the translation was made; but the editor observes, in his preface, “To pretend to vouch for the veracity of the relation would be too perilous an undertaking, in defiance of the generally received opinion of the narrator’s character.” This honest confession mars an interesting tale.

From this abridged sketch of the contents of the volume our readers will judge on its interest; they will assuredly congratulate the world on every blow struck at the holy inquisition.—

They will do more :—they will perceive the horrid consequences of attempting to domineer over conscience ; of committing civil power to sacerdotal hands ; of establishing secret tribunals at which no witnesses appear, nor is any mode of confrontation of the accuser and the accused allowed. The silence of the inquisition, the oaths of secrecy administered to all who quit the prisons of the office, are striking proofs of conscious tyranny.

KING TAMAHAMA.

[From Turnbull's Voyage round the World.]

Soon after our arrival at Owhyhee, we received a visit from our countryman, Mr. Young, who had resided there for fourteen years past ; from whom we had a confirmation of particulars respecting Tamahama, communicated to us at Whahoo, and of his erecting a royal residence at Mowie, and, above all, of his fixed determination to attempt the conquest of the two other islands of Attowahie and Onehow.

His palace is built, after the European style, of brick, and glazed windows, and defended by a battery of ten guns. He has European and American artificers about him of almost every description. Indeed his own subjects, from their intercourse with Europeans, have acquired a great knowledge of several of the mechanical arts, and have thus enabled him to increase his navy, a very favourite object with him. I have no doubt that in a very few years he will erect amongst these islands a power very far from despicable.

The circumstances of this enterprising chief were greatly changed since the visit of Captain Vancouvre, to whom, as to the servant and representative of the King of Great Britain, with much formality and ceremony, he had made a conveyance, of the sovereignty of Owhyhee, in the hopes of being thus more strongly confirmed in his authority, and supplied with the means of resisting his enemies.

His dominion seems now to be completely established. He is not only a great warrior and politician, but a very acute trader, and a match for any European in driving a bargain. He is well acquainted with the different weights and measures, and the value which all articles ought to bear in exchange with each other ; and is ever ready to take advantage of the necessities of those who apply to him or his people for supplies.

His subjects have already made considerable progress in civilization ; but are held in the most abject submission, as Tamahama

is inflexible in punishing all offences which seem to counteract his supreme command.

It was only in 1794 that Captain Vancouvre laid down the keel of Tamahama's first vessel, or rather craft; but so assiduously has he applied himself to effect his grand and favourite object, the establishment of a naval force, that at the period of our arrival he had upwards of twenty vessels of different sizes, from twenty-five to seventy tons: some of them were even copper-bottomed.

He was, however, at this time much in want of naval stores; and, to have his navy quickly placed on a respectable footing, would pay well for them. He has also between two and three hundred body-guards to attend him, independently of the number of chiefs who are required to accompany him on all his journeys and expeditions.

In viewing this man, my imagination suggested to me, that I beheld, in its first progress, one of those extraordinary natures which, under other circumstances of fortune and situation, would have ripened into the future hero, and caused the world to resound with his feats of glory. What other was Philip of Macedon, as pictured by the Grecian historians!—a man who overcame every disadvantage of slight resources and powerful rivals, and extended the narrow sovereignty of Macedon into the universal monarchy of Greece and the known world.

Tamahama's ardent desire to obtain a ship from Captain Vancouvre was, in all probability, first excited by the suggestions of Young and his countryman Davis; but such was the effect of this undertaking, that Tamahama became immediately more sparing of his visits on board the *Discovery*, his time being now chiefly employed in attending to the carpenters at work on this new man of war, which, when finished, was named the *Britannia*. This was the beginning of Tamahama's navy; and, from his own observations, with the assistance of Messrs. Young, Davis, &c. he has laboured inflexibly in improving his marine force, which he has now brought to a respectable state; securing to him not only a decided superiority over the frail canoes of his neighbours, but the means of transporting his warriors to distant parts. Some of his vessels are employed as transports in carrying provisions from one island to another, to supply his warriors; whilst the largest are used as men of war, and are occasionally mounted with a few light guns. No one better understands his interest than this ambitious chief; no one better knows how to improve an original idea. The favours of Vancouvre, and his other European benefactors, would have been thrown away on any other savage; but Tamahama possesses a genius above his situation.

His body-guards, who may be considered in some respects as

regularly disciplined troops, go on duty not unfrequently with the drum and fife, and relieve each other as in Europe, calling out "all is well," at every half hour, as on board of ship. Their uniform at this time was simply a blue great coat with yellow facings.

FOREIGN TRADE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From the same.)

THE Sandwich Islanders, in the territories of Tamahama, frequently make voyages to the northwest coast of America, and thereby acquire sufficient property to make themselves easy and comfortable, as well as respectable, among their countrymen; to whom, on their return home, they are fond of describing, with great emphasis and extravagance, the singular events of their voyage. Several of them have made considerable progress in the English language; their intercourse with the Anglo-Americans, and the navigators from Britain, having given them the opportunity, of which they have so eagerly availed themselves.

Such is the astonishing assiduity of these people, and such their eagerness to improve their condition, by imitating the callings of the Europeans, that it is not unusual to see some of them exercising the trade of a country blacksmith, having for an anvil a pig of iron kentlage, obtained from some ship; a pair of goat-skin bellows, made by himself or some of his countrymen; and his charcoal fire; making articles suited to the wants of his countrymen, or repairing and mending such as stand in need of it, with an ingenuity surpassing what might be expected under such circumstances.

The canoes of the Sandwich Islands far surpassed any that we had seen in other parts of the world; not only in solidity and strength, but in the neatness and skill of workmanship. These canoes are so well calculated for speed, that we have seen the natives work them along, with their short paddles, at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour, and fairly run them under water.

They are already well acquainted with the trade on the northwest coast of America; and from thence they may draw many articles to make up a cargo for their own country, or the neighbouring islands to the westward.

It may naturally be asked what articles of commerce or barter can be possessed by the Sandwich Islanders, a people just sprung from nature? The answer is at hand; they are able to furnish fire-arms, gunpowder, hardware, and cloth of different sorts; of all which Tamahama has accumulated more than is required for their own consumption.

These have been acquired in exchange for labour and refresh-

ment supplied to the shipping who have touched there; particularly such as are engaged in the trade to the northwest parts of America. When the cargoes of these last are completed, they readily part with such articles as remain, at a very low rate, rather than be encumbered with them during the remainder of their voyage. Besides the above-mentioned articles of foreign introduction, the Sandwich Islanders possess the *sandal wood*, pearl oyster shell, and some pearls, all articles of high value in the China market; but one difficulty still remains to their accomplishment of this object, which is the want of hands to navigate their ships on voyages of such length and intricacy. Fortunately, however, for these enterprising people, they have now resident among them several Europeans and Anglo-Americans, men of ability and knowledge; such as Mr. Young, Mr. Davis, Capt. Stewart, &c. &c. For twelve or fourteen years before our visit, these gentlemen had employed themselves successfully in instructing the natives, and their extraordinary chief Tamahama, in many useful arts, and particularly in that of navigation from island to island; so that many of the inhabitants have thus become brave, hardy, and not inexperienced sailors.

ACCOUNT OF C. M. WIELAND.

To no writer of the age, perhaps, are the literature, the language, and the public taste of the Germans under such great obligations as to Wieland, whose talents have for half a century been the boast and admiration of the country which gave him birth. Few authors of any nation have written so much; but what constitutes a far more honourable distinction, still fewer have written so well. Possessing uncommon versatility of genius, Wieland was equally eminent as a poet and a prose writer, as a moralist and a philosopher, as a translator and an author of the most brilliant originality and invention. The spirited and elegant translation of his *Oberon*, by Mr. Sotheby, has afforded the English reader a favourable specimen of Wieland's poetical powers; but it is impossible that his merits can be fairly appreciated in this country, where so few of his numerous works have yet found their way before the public.

Wieland died, in his 80th year, in January, 1813, and was interred on the 25th of the same month in the garden belonging to his late mansion at Osmannstädt, six miles from Weimar, now the property of M. Kühne, by the side of his beloved wife and his young friend, Sophie Brentano. Here, supremely happy in the bosom of his family, Wieland had passed several years, from 1798 to 1803, in

the enjoyment of rural pleasures ; and here he was visited by the amiable Sophie Brentano, the granddaughter of his juvenile friend, Sophie von Laroche. With a prepossessing person, she united the greatest diversity of talents and the highest feminine delicacy ; a soft melancholy, which sometimes clouded her eye, and doubtless originated in the constitution of her heart, tended to bind all around still more firmly to this accomplished creature. Cheerfully quitting the bustle of the great world, she felt the beneficial influence of the seclusion and tranquillity of Osmannstädt, the society of the venerable Wieland, and his family assembled round him in patriarchal simplicity. Soon, however, she fell sick, and in spite of the most assiduous attentions, and the best medical aid, she expired September 20, 1800. Wieland, who had loved her as his own child, prepared for her, thus prematurely snatched from him, a repository in the little grove at the lower end of his garden.

It was not long before he was destined to endure another severe trial. On the 9th of November, 1801, he lost his wife, who belonged to a noble family of Augsburg, named Hillenbrandt. The faithful partner of his life, the tender mother of his children, was laid beside his departed friend, and added to the mournful sanctity of the spot. Wieland determined that his remains also should once repose together with those of the two objects of his love ; often did he repair to their graves, and sat lost in contemplation on a turf seat which is yet carefully preserved.

A country life lost all its charms for Wieland after the decease of his faithful wife ; he, therefore, in 1803, disposed of the estate of Osmannstädt to the present proprietor, M. Kühne, from Hamburg, and returned to Weimar ; where the two courts by which he had been constantly patronised, as well as the circle of his friends, received him, as usual, with respect and affection. The Duchess Amelia prepared for him a new and agreeable summer retreat at her charming residence at Tiefurth, where he, with Einsiedel and Fernow, formed the more immediate literary society of that excellent princess.

Amidst these enjoyments, the place of tranquil repose at Osmannstadt was not forgotten. The design which Wieland had long entertained of separating the part of the garden with the graves from the rest of the property, which was liable to a frequent change of owners, was accomplished in 1804, through the interference of a friend, and with the greater facility, as the present respected possessor coöperated the most willingly in this arrangement. That part of the garden which was deemed requisite, was ceded with all the usual legal formalities to the friend alluded to above, and by him conveyed to the family of Brentano, of Frankfurt, on the Mayn, to which it now inalienably belongs. At

the same time, the idea of erecting a monument on the spot was first suggested, in order to mark the site of all three graves; for Wieland again positively declared, that, after his earthly pilgrimage, as he termed it, his remains also should there repose. A younger friend and admirer of the poet, to whom the preparation of the design was committed, proposed a triangular pyramid; to be placed in such a manner that the inscription and emblem on each side should indicate the grave which lay in that direction. This design was approved, and the execution of it, in Seeberg stone, was intrusted to M. Weisser, sculptor to the court of Weimar. In 1807 this simple but appropriate little monument was erected in the garden at Osmannstädt; and it has now, through Wieland's death, attained its final destination.

On one side appears a butterfly, the emblem of Psyche, surrounded with a circular garland of new-blown roses; and underneath the inscription: "Sophie Brentano, born 15th August, 1776; died 20th September, 1800." On the second are two hands conjoined, as the expressive symbol of union and fidelity, encompassed with a wreath of oak leaves, and this inscription:—"Anna Dorothea Wieland, (born Hillenbrandt,) born 8th July, 1746; died 9th November, 1801." On the third is seen the winged lyre of the poet, surrounded by the star of immortality, and beneath is inscribed: "Christoph. Martin Wieland, born 5th September, 1733; died 20th January, 1813."

M. Facius, the eminent engraver of Weimar, is at present engaged upon a medal in commemoration of the deceased. On the obverse, is a profile of Wieland, which is an excellent likeness; and on the reverse, is the emblem of the lyre sculptured on his monument, with this motto above: "To the immortal poet." Below is a female head between butterflies' wings, from which springs a rose-branch on one side, and Oberon's lily on the other.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT OF MR. PITT, AT GUILDHALL.

THE massy substance on which the figures in this composition are placed, is intended to represent the island of Great Britain and the surrounding waves. On an elevation, in the centre of the island, Mr. Pitt appears in his robes, as chancellor of the exchequer, in the attitude of a public orator. Below him, on an intermediate foreground, two statues characterize his abilities; while, with the national energy, which is embodied, and riding on a symbol of the ocean in the lower centre, they assist to describe allusively the effects of his administration. Apollo stands on his right, impersonating eloquence and learning. Mercury is intro-

duced on his left, as the representative of commerce, and the patron of policy. To describe the unprecedented splendour of success which crowned the British navy while Mr. Pitt was minister, the lower part of the monument is occupied by a statue of Britannia, seated triumphantly on a sea-horse; in her left hand is the usual emblem of naval power; and her right grasps a thunder-bolt, which she is prepared to hurl against the enemies of her country.

The inscription, written by Mr. Canning, is clear and nervous. It is as follows:—

WILLIAM PITT,

Son of WILLIAM PITT, Earl of CHATHAM,

Inheriting the genius and formed by the precepts of his Father,

Devoted himself from his early years to the service of the State.

Called to the chief conduct of the Administration, after the close of a disastrous war,
He repaired the exhausted Revenues, he revived and invigorated the Commerce
and Prosperity of the Country;

And he had re-established the Public Credit on deep and sure foundations;
When a new war was kindled in Europe, more formidable than any preceding war,
from the peculiar character of its dangers.

To resist the arms of France, which were directed against the Independence of every
Government and People;

To animate other Nations by the example of Great Britain;

To check the contagion of opinions which tended to dissolve the frame of Civil Society;

To array the loyal, the sober minded, and the good, in defence of the venerable
Constitution of the British Monarchy,

Were the duties which, at that awful crisis, devolved upon the British Minister;

And which he discharged with transcendent zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance:

He upheld the National Honour abroad; he maintained at home the blessings of Order
and of true Liberty;

And, in the midst of difficulties and perils,

He united and consolidated the strength, power, and resources of the Empire.

For these high purposes

He was gifted by Divine Providence with endowments,

Rare in their separate excellence; wonderful in their combination;

Judgment; imagination; memory; wit; force and acuteness of reasoning;

Eloquence, copious and accurate, commanding and persuasive,

And suited from its splendour to the dignity of his mind, and to the authority of his
station;

A lofty spirit; a mild and ingenuous temper.

Warm and steadfast in friendship, towards enemies he was forbearing and forgiving.

His industry was not relaxed by confidence in his great abilities.

His indulgence to others was not abated by the consciousness of his own superiority.

His ambition was pure from all selfish motives;

The love of power and the passion for fame were in him subordinate to views of public
utility;

Dispensing for near twenty years the favours of the Crown,

He lived without ostentation; and he died poor.

A GRATEFUL NATION

Decreed to him those funeral honours

Which are reserved for eminent and extraordinary men.

THE MONUMENT

Is erected by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council,

To record the reverent and affectionate regret

With which the City of London cherishes his memory;

And to hold out to the imitation of posterity

Those principles of public and private virtue,

Which ensure to nations a solid greatness,

And to individuals an imperishable name.

ACCOUNT OF GOLDSMITH.

[From Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

Just before his death, he had nearly completed a design for the execution of a "Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences." Of this he had published the prospectus, or, at least, had distributed copies of it amongst his friends and acquaintance. It did not meet any warm encouragement, however, from the booksellers, although Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and several others of his literary connexions had promised him their assistance on various subjects: and the design was, I believe, entirely given up even previous to his demise.

In the dedication of his "Deserted Village" to Sir Joshua Reynolds, already noticed, Goldsmith alludes to the death of his eldest brother, Henry, the clergyman; and his various biographers record another, Maurice, who was a younger brother, and of whom it was stated, by Bishop Percy, that having been bred to no business, he, upon some occasion, complained to Oliver that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman. To this Oliver wrote him an answer, begging that he would, without delay, quit so unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. Maurice wisely, as the bishop adds, took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and when out of his indentures set up in business for himself, in which he was engaged during the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Rutland; and his shop being in Dublin, he was noticed by Mr. Orde, since Lord Bolton, the lord lieutenant's secretary, who recommended him to the patronage of the duke, out of regard to the memory of his brother.

In consequence of this, he received the appointment of inspector of licenses in that metropolis, and was also employed as mace bearer, by the royal Irish academy, then just established. Both of these places were compatible with his business: and in the former he gave proof of great integrity by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department; and one by which he himself might have profited, if he had not been a man of principle. He has now been dead not more than fifteen years; I enter more particularly into his history, from having seen the following passage in one of Oliver's letters to him:—"You talked of being my only brother—I don't understand you. Where is Charles?"

This, indeed, was a question which Maurice could not answer then, nor for many years afterwards; but as the anecdote is

curious, and I have it from a friend on whose authority I can rely, I shall give it a place here nearly in his own words.

My friend informed me, that whilst travelling in the stagecoach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, he was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was *Goldsmith*; when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why; to which the other replied, that the memory of *Oliver* was embalmed amongst his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately answered, "I am his brother." The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name, looked doubtfully, and said, "He has but one brother living; I know him well." "True," replied the stranger, "for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. Oliver I know is dead; but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing."

On being informed of various particulars of his family, the stranger then told his simple tale; which was, that having heard of his brother Noll mixing in the first society in London, he took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make a brother's also: he therefore left home without notice; but soon found, on his arrival in London, that the picture he had formed of his brother's situation was too highly coloured; that Noll would not introduce him to his great friends, and, in fact, that, although out of a gaol, he was also often out of a lodging.

Disgusted with this entrance into *high life*, and ashamed to return home, the young man left London without acquainting his brother with his intentions, or even writing to his friends in Ireland; and proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica, where he lived, for many years, without ever renewing an intercourse with his friends, and by whom he was, of course, supposed to be dead; though Oliver may, at first, have imagined that he had returned to Ireland. Years now passed on, and young Charles, by industry and perseverance, began to save some property; soon after which he married a widow lady of some fortune, when his young family requiring the advantages of further education, he determined to return to England to examine into the state of society, and into the propriety of bringing over his wife and family; on this project he was then engaged, and was proceeding to Ireland to visit his native home, and with the intention of making himself known to such of his relatives as might still be living. His plan, however, was, to conceal his good fortune until he should ascertain their affection and esteem for him.

On arriving at Dublin, the party separated; and my friend, a

few weeks afterwards, returning from the north, called at the hotel where he knew Mr. Goldsmith intended to reside. There he met him; when the amiable old man, for such he really was, told him that he had put his plan in execution; had given himself as much of the appearance of poverty as he could with propriety, and thus proceeded to the shop of his brother Maurice, where he inquired for several articles, and then noticed the name over the door, asking if it had any connexion with the famous Dr. Goldsmith.

"I am his brother, his sole surviving brother," said Maurice.

"What, then," replied the stranger, "is become of the others?"

"Henry has long been dead; and poor Charles has not been heard of for many years."

"But suppose Charles were alive," said the stranger, "would his friends acknowledge him?"

"Oh yes!" replied Maurice, "gladly indeed!"

"He lives, then; but as poor as when he left you."

Maurice instantly leaped over his counter, hugged him in his arms, and, weeping with pleasure, cried "Welcome—welcome—here you shall find a home and a brother."

It is needless to add that this denouement was perfectly agreeable to the stranger, who was then preparing to return to Jamaica to make his proposed family arrangements; but my friend having been engaged for the next twenty years in traversing the four quarters of the globe, being himself a wanderer, has never, since that period, had an opportunity of making inquiries into the welfare of the stranger, for whom he had, indeed, formed a great esteem, even on a few days' acquaintance.

Sir Joshua was much affected by the death of Goldsmith, to whom he had been a very sincere friend. He did not touch the pencil for that day, a circumstance most extraordinary for him, who passed *no day without a line*. He acted as executor, and managed, in the best manner, the confused state of the doctor's affairs. At first he intended, as I have already stated, to have made a grand funeral for him, assisted by several subscriptions to that intent, and to have buried him in the Abbey, his pall-bearers to have been Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua himself, Burke, Garrick, &c.; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to have him buried in the plainest and most private manner possible, observing, that the most pompous funerals are soon past and forgotten; and that it would be much more prudent to apply what-money could be procured to the purpose of a more substantial and more lasting memorial of his departed friend, by a monument; and he was, accordingly, privately interred in the Temple burying ground.

Sir Joshua went himself to Westminster Abbey, and fixed upon

the place where Goldsmith's monument now stands, over a door in the Poet's Corner. He thought himself lucky in being able to find so conspicuous a situation for it, as there scarcely remained another so good.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was employed to make the monument, and Dr. Johnson composed the epitaph.

There is a very fine portrait, which is the only original one, of Dr. Goldsmith, now at Knowle, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, painted by Sir Joshua.

A lady, who was a great friend of Dr. Goldsmith, earnestly desired to have a lock of his hair to keep as a memorial of him; and his coffin was opened again, after it had been closed up, to procure this lock of hair from his head; this relic is still in the possession of the family, and is the only one of the kind which has been preserved of the doctor.

An observation of Dr. Beattie, respecting the deceased poet, in a letter to Mrs. Montagu, must not be passed over. "I am sorry for poor Goldsmith. There were some things in his temper which I did not like; but I liked many things in his genius; and I was sorry to find, last summer, that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when *next* we meet, all this will be forgotten, and the jealousy of authors, which, Dr. Gregory used to say, was next to that of physicians, will be no more."

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened, in his usual growling manner, for some time: when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose, with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, "If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy, but those who could write as well, he would have few censors."

Yet, on another occasion, soon after the death of Goldsmith, a lady of his acquaintance was condoling with Dr. Johnson on their loss, saying, "Poor Goldsmith! I am exceedingly sorry for him; he was every man's friend!"

"No, madam," answered Johnson, "he was no man's friend!"

In this seemingly harsh sentence, however, he merely alluded to the careless and imprudent conduct of Goldsmith, as being no friend even to himself, and when that is the case, a man is rendered incapable of being of any essential service to any one else.

It has been generally circulated, and believed by many, that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated by such as were really fools. In allusion to this notion, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his wri-

tings, said he was "an inspired idiot," and Garrick described him as one,

"——— for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to Boswell that he frequently had heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and, therefore, Sir Joshua was convinced, that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. This, in my own opinion, was really the case; and I also think Sir Joshua was so sensible of the advantage of it, that he, yet in a much less degree, followed the same idea, as he never had a wish to impress his company with any awe of the great abilities with which he was endowed, especially when in the society of those high in rank.

I have heard Sir Joshua say that he has frequently seen the whole company struck with an awful silence at the entrance of Goldsmith, but that Goldsmith has quickly dispelled the charm, by his boyish and social manners, and he then has soon become the plaything and favourite of the company.

His epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson, is a true character of the eccentric poet.

Among the various tributes to his memory, was one by *Courtney Melmoth*, (Mr. Pratt, I believe,) dedicated to Sir Joshua, "who will naturally receive with kindness whatever is designed as a testimony of justice to a friend that is no more." In this, the dedicator has well attempted to portray the feelings of Sir Joshua's heart.

Before I dismiss poor Goldsmith from the stage, it may be proper to notice another dedication to Sir Joshua, prefixed to that edition of his works published by Evans, in which he says—

"SIR,

"I am happy in having your permission to inscribe to you this complete edition of the truly poetical works of your late ingenious friend, Oliver Goldsmith. They will prove a lasting monument of his genius. Every lover of science must deeply lament that this excellent writer, after long struggling with adversity, finished his mortal career just as his reputation was firmly established, and he had acquired the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Edmund Burke, the Dean of

Derry, Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Cumberland, names which adorn our age and nation. It is, Sir, being merely an *echo* of the public voice, to celebrate your admirable productions,

‘In which, to latest time, the artist lives.’

Had Goldsmith understood the art of painting, of which he modestly declares himself ignorant, his pen would have done justice to the merits of your pencil. He chose a nobler theme, by declaring his ardent affection for the *virtues of your heart*. That you may long continue, Sir, the ornament of your country and the delight of your friends, is the sincere wish of your most obliged humble servant,

“T. EVANS.”

HISTORY OF SWIZOSLOW AND THE BEAUTIFUL STEPHANIA.

THE churchyard of the convent of St. Alexander Neoski, at Petersburg, contains a heap of stones, said to have covered the tomb of the unfortunate Swizoslow, of whom they relate the following story.

Russia, in its time, was a prey to intestine wars, and continually plundered by the Poles, Swedes, Lithuanians, Tartars, and Tschoudes. The mansion of Boverow, in Russia, which had been the asylum for travellers formerly, was in those times formed into a castle, fortified and surrounded by lofty walls; the high placed windows were defended by iron bars. There a young beauty attended by her nurse and her maids, passed their time, which was to be interrupted only by the hand of a spouse, whom her father should choose to unite her to. Such was the life of the young Stephania, by the banks of the Ilmen. She was the daughter of an old and respectable warrior: here she lived unknowing and unknown to the world; never had she seen farther than the horizon, and from thence she saw the sun rise from the east to call her to her distaff. She was happy; she thought so, and said so, and her greatest pleasure was to add to the comfort of her father. Boris only seemed to live for her, having lost all the rest of his family by an incursion of the Tschoudes. Upon the holidays Stephania went to church in a neighbouring village. A coloured riband, with a garniture of rich pearl, served to fall over her ivory forehead, and her beautiful brown tresses. She was then seen by a young warrior, who came there to offer his prayers. The blushes of the young Stephania, and the turning away her eyes, soon announced to him her thoughts; but he had no hopes of entering the castle of Boris, neither could he flatter himself that a re-

spectable Boyard would give his daughter to a young man from the south of Russia, who had no other recommendation than his courage. But the war rekindling, Novogorod had not only fallen into the hands of the Tartars, but the hideous Swedes had attempted to take it; and it was now attacked by the Tschoudes, who were fired with a desire to carry terror, death, and slavery all through Russia. The Lithuanians were also united with the Swedes, and menaced that city. The Novogorodians heard of this famous league by the deputies of these barbarians, who, advancing from the north, summoned it to submit to a foreign yoke.

Alexander, Prince of Novogorod, assembled his warriors, who were all animated with a desire to combat their enemies. The imminent danger in which they stood only inflamed their courage, and these invincible troops, although but few in number, advanced to meet the Swedish army. Amongst the warriors in Alexander's suite was the valiant Boris. The danger of his country would not suffer him, notwithstanding his advanced age, to remain inactive. But how was it possible to leave the beautiful Stephania alone, in a solitary castle, without her defender, without friends to protect her in a country overrun with a horde of savages? He dressed her therefore in man's apparel, and calling her his adopted son, took her along with him. The unfortunate Swizoslow, that passionate undeclared lover, saw them quit the castle, begged leave to join them, and during their march was always near Boris. It was he who constantly chose his lodging, and made his bed of boughs; he opened not his mouth to Stephania, whom he knew notwithstanding her disguise; but his looks, less discreet, spoke for him. At length the armies are in sight of each other: the Russians fell upon the Scandinavians as the eagles upon their prey: six brave warriors advanced with their victorious bands. Boris was one of the number; with his own hands he fired the Swedish camp, and seized the royal standard. Swizoslow and his Stephania, with her love united to the ties of consanguinity, assisted to help and defend him. Upon a sudden, Swizoslow, whose youthful courage made him advance in pursuit, perceived that he had left behind his fellow soldier, Boris. He soon returned in search of him, and found him surrounded by some of the enemy, who had rallied before he could join him. The horse of Boris, wounded in several places, had fallen with him, and poor Stephania was imploring pity and mercy of the enemy. The Swedes, seeing the Russians come up, were carrying their prisoner along with them. Swizoslow pursued, and coming up with them, found Boris upon the ground: he immediately lifted him up, and assisted him to walk, as he perceived he was only stunned by the fall of his horse, and undertook to deliver her who was so dear to them both. The old warrior could

not follow fast enough for the young hero, who soon overtook his enemies near a little river, which was swelled with rain and human blood. Just at the place where it empties itself into the Neva, and where a tree laid across served for a bridge, at that spot, overthrowing and slaying all who opposed him, he succeeded in delivering his beloved; tranquillized her with respect to her father; presumed to encircle her in his arms, and falling at her feet, weakened with the number of wounds he had received, begged that he might, in dying, have the happiness to embrace one he so dearly loved. Stephania, in despair, vainly implored heaven to prolong the life of her lover. Boris arrived in time to see him expire at their feet. The unfortunate lady spent the remainder of her days in sorrow and grief.

The victorious Russians having entirely routed the Swedes, before they quitted the place collected a large heap of stones and pieces of rock, to render immortal the attachment of this noble hero to his country, to its glory, and to his love!

LAST DAYS OF KING CHARLES I.

The recent discovery of the body of Charles I. has given rise to many inquiries respecting his interment, both as to its place and mode. It will, therefore, be amusing to our readers, perhaps, to peruse the following account of what took place from the day of his execution to that of his burial, as narrated by one of his constant attendants, (Mr. Herbert,) and published by authority in Wood's *Athene Oxonienses*. Mr. Bennet and Bishop Juxon were the persons who received the body of the unfortunate monarch after decapitation, and charged themselves with the duties of its interment; and the former confided to Wood a relation of the last days of the king's life, with a promise from him that he would introduce it into some part of his voluminous work. Wood did so; and as his *Athene* is a book not commonly to be met with, the following extract cannot fail to be interesting at the present moment:

JANUARY 30, Tuesday. Herbert, (saith the king,) this is my second marriage day; I will be as trim to-day as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus. He then appointed what clothes he would wear. Let me have a shirt more than ordinary (said the king) by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear: I would have no such imputation; I fear not death; death is not terrible to me; I bless God I am prepared. Death, indeed, only sets men free from the misery of this world, and breaks asunder the chains of bondage, &c. These, or words to the same effect, his majesty spake to Mr. Herbert as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, precisely at the time his majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, he humbly begged his majesty's pardon if he had at any time been negligent in

his duty while he had the honour to serve him. The king then gave his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate, expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not imposed upon him, but by his majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had served him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his majesty delivered to him his bible, in the margin whereof he had, with his own hand, wrote many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it to the Prince of Wales so soon as he returned, repeating what he had enjoined the Princess Elizabeth his daughter, and that he the prince would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother, (to whom his majesty wrote two days before by Mr. Seymour,) affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him, their sovereign: and forasmuch as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave this world, he advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigour, &c. And as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion that it is of apostolic institution, and in his kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, he prayed God to vouchsafe, both in reference to the church and state, a pious and discerning spirit, &c. and that it was his last and earnest request, that the prince would read the bible, which, in all the time of his affliction, had been his best instructor and delight, and to meditate upon what he read, as also such other books as might improve his knowledge, &c. He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give his son, the Duke of York, his large ring-sundial of silver, a jewel his majesty much valued; it was invented and made by Richard Delamaine, a very able mathematician, who projected it, and in a little printed book did show its excellent use in resolving many questions in arithmetic and other rare operations to be wrought by it in the mathematics. To the Princess Elizabeth he gave the sermons of Dr. Lanc. Andrews, some time Bishop of Winchester and Prelate of the Garter, Archbishop Laud's Conference between him and John Fisher, the Jesuit, which book, the king said, would ground her against popery, and Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. He also gave him a paper to be delivered to the said Princess Elizabeth to be printed, in which his majesty asserted, "Regal government to have a divine right," with proofs out of sundry authors, civil and sacred. To the Duke of Gloucester he gave King James's works, and Dr. Hammond's "Practical Catechism." He gave also to Montague, Earl of Lindsey, Lord High Chamberlain, "Cassandra;" and his gold watch to Mary, Duchess of Richmond: all which, as opportunity served, Mr. Herbert delivered. His majesty then bid him withdraw, which being done, his ma-

jesty with the bishop were in private together about an hour; and then Mr. Herbert being called in, the bishop went to prayer, and reading the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relates to the passion of our blessed Saviour, the king, after the service was done, asked the bishop "if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition;" the bishop answered, "May it please your majesty it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the kalendar." Whereupon his majesty was much affected with it, as so aptly serving a seasonable preparation for his death that day. His majesty abandoned all thoughts of earthly concerns, continued in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a cheerful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying he was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, and with the kingly prophet, as 'tis expressed in the 31st Psalm, v. 5. "Into thy hands," &c. Col. Francis Hacker then knocked easily at the king's door, but Mr. Herbert being within, would not stir to ask who it was that knocked: at length, the colonel knocking the second time a little louder, the king bade him go to the door; he guessed the business: so Mr. Herbert demanding wherefore he knocked, the colonel said he would speak with the king. The king said let him come in: the colonel, in a trembling manner, came near and told his majesty, Sir, it is time to go to Whitehall, where you may have some further time to rest. The king bade him go forth, and told him I will come presently. Some time his majesty was private, and afterwards taking the good bishop by the hand, looking upon him with a cheerful countenance, said, Come let us go; and bidding Mr. Herbert take with him the silver clock that hung by his bed-side, said, open the door, Hacker has given us a second warning.

The king passed through the garden into the park, where, making a stand, asked Mr. Herbert the hour of the day, and taking the clock in his hand, and looking upon it, gave it to him and said, keep this in memory of me, which Mr. Herbert kept to his dying day. The park had several companies of foot drawn up, who made a guard on each side as the king passed, and a guard of halberdiers in company went, some before, and others followed, the king. The drums beat, and the noise was so great as one could hardly hear what another spoke. Upon the king's right hand went the bishop, and on the left Colonel Matthew Tomlinson, with whom his majesty had some discourse by the way. Mr. Herbert was next behind the king, and after him the guards. In this manner went the king through the park, and coming to the stairs leading into Whitehall, he passed along through the galleries to his bed-chamber; where, after a little repose, the bishop went to prayer: which being done, his majesty bid Mr.

Herbert bring him some bread and wine; which being brought, the king broke the manchet and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glass full of claret, and then was some time in private with the bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. In the mean time his majesty told Mr. Herbert what satin cap he would use; which being provided, Mr. Herbert, after prayer, addressed himself to the bishop, and told him the king had ordered him to have a white satin nightcap ready, but he being not able to endure the sight of the violence that they would offer to the king on the scaffold, he could not be there to give it to the king when he should call for it. The good bishop bid him then give him the cap, and that he should wait at the end of the banqueting-house, near to the scaffold, to take care of the king's body, for (said he) that and his interment will be our last office. Colonel Hacker came soon after to the bedchamber door, and gave his last signal: the bishop and Mr. Herbert weeping, they both fell upon their knees: the king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, and helped the bishop up, for he was aged. Col. Hacker attending still at the chamber door, the king took notice of it, and said open the door and bid Hacker go, he would follow him.

A guard was made all along the galleries and the banqueting-house, but behind the soldiers, abundance of men and women crowded in, though with some peril to their persons, to behold the saddest sight that England ever saw: and as his majesty passed by with a cheerful look he heard them pray for him. The soldiers did not rebuke any of them, for by their silence and dejected faces they seemed rather afflicted than insulting. There was a passage broke through the wall of the banqueting-house, by which the king passed unto the scaffold; where, after his majesty had spoken and declared publicly that he died a christian according to the profession of the church of England, (the contents of which have been several times printed,) the fatal stroke was given by a disguised person. Mr. Herbert, during this time, was at the door leading to the scaffold much lamenting, and the bishop coming from the scaffold with the royal corpse, which was immediately confined and covered with a velvet pall, he and Mr. Herbert went with it to the back stairs to have it embalmed; and Mr. Herbert, after the body had been deposited, meeting with the Lord Fairfax, the general, that person asked him how the king did? whereupon Herbert, being something astonished at that question, told him the king was beheaded, at which he seemed much surprised. See more of the said General Fairfax in the *Fasti* following, among the creations of doctors of civil law, under the year 1649. The royal corpse being embalmed and well confined, and all afterwards wrapt up in lead and covered with a new velvet pall, it was removed to St. James's, where was great pressing by all sorts

of people to see the king, a doleful spectacle, but few had leave to enter or behold it.

Where to bury the king was the last duty remaining. By some historians 'tis said the king spoke something to the bishop concerning his burial. Mr. Herbert, both before and after the king's death, was frequently in company with the bishop, and affirmed that he never mentioned any thing to him of the king's naming any place where he would be buried; nor did Mr. Herbert (who constantly attended his majesty, and after his coming to Hurst Castle was the only person in his bedchamber) hear him at any time to declare his mind concerning it. Nor was it in his lifetime a proper question for either of them to ask, notwithstanding they had oftentimes the opportunity, especially when his majesty was bequeathing to his royal children and friends what is formerly related. Nor did the bishop declare any thing concerning the place to Mr. Herbert, which doubtless he would upon Mr. Herbert's pious care about it; which being duly considered, they thought no place more fit to inter the corpse than in the chapel of King Henry VII. at the end of the church of Westminster Abbey; out of whose loins King Charles I. was lineally extracted, &c. Whereupon Mr. Herbert made his application to such as were then in power for leave to bury the king's body in the said chapel among his ancestors, but his request was denied for this reason, that his burying there would attract infinite numbers of all sorts thither to see where the king was buried; which, as the times then were, was judged unsafe and inconvenient. Mr. Herbert acquainting the bishop with this, they then resolved to bury the king's body in the royal chapel of St. George, within the castle of Windsor, both in regard that his majesty was sovereign of the most noble order of the garter, and that several kings had been there interred, namely, King Henry VI. King Edward IV. and King Henry VIII. &c. Upon which consideration Mr. Herbert made his second address to the committee of parliament, who, after some deliberation, gave him an order bearing date the 6th February, 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Anthony Mildmay to bury the king's body there, which the governor was to observe.

Accordingly the corpse was carried thither from St. James's, Feb. 7, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, in which were about a dozen gentlemen, most of them being such that had waited upon his majesty at Carisbrook Castle and other places since his majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert showed the governor, Colonel Witchcot, the committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late king, in any place within Windsor Castle that they should think fit and meet. In the first place, in order thereunto, they carried the king's body into the dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual

bedchamber within the palace. After which they went to St. George's chapel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the royal corpse to rest in. Having taken a view, they at first thought that the tomb-house built by Cardinal Wolsey would be a fit place for his interment, but that place, though adjoining, yet being not within the royal chapel, they waived it: for if King Henry VIII. was buried there, (albeit to that day the particular place of his burial was unknown to any,) yet in regard his majesty King Charles I. (who was a real defender of the faith, and as far from censuring any that might be) would, upon occasional discourse, express some dislike in King Henry's proceedings, in misemploying those vast revenues the suppressed abbeys, monasteries, and other religious houses were endowed with, and by demolishing those many beautiful and stately structures, which both expressed the greatness of their founders and preserved the splendour of the kingdom, which might at the reformation have, in some measure, been kept up and converted to sundry pious uses.

Upon consideration thereof those gentlemen declined it, and pitched upon the vault where King Edward IV. had been interred, being on the north side of the choir, near the altar, that king being one his late majesty would oftentimes make honourable mention of, and from whom his majesty was lineally propagated. That, therefore, induced Mr. Herbert to give order to N. Harrison and Henry Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a fair large stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut according to church work, &c. But as they were about this work, some noblemen came thither, namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Lindsey, and with them Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who had license from the parliament to attend the king's body to his grave. Those gentlemen, therefore, Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to submit and leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and the choir, and one of the lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound, and thereupon ordered the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large, of an antique form, and the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, though they had lain there above 100 years.

The lords agreeing that the king's body should be in the said vault interred, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign's side, they gave order to have the king's name and year he died cut in lead; which, whilst

the workmen were about, the lords went out and gave Puddifant, the sexton, order to lock the chapel door, and not suffer any to stay therein till farther notice. The sexton did his best to clear the chapel, nevertheless Isaac, the sexton's man, said that a foot soldier had hid himself so as he was not discerned; and being greedy of prey, crept into the vault, and cut so much of the velvet pall that covered the great body as he judged would hardly be missed, and wimbled also a hole through the said coffin that was largest, probably fancying that there was something well worth his adventure. The sexton, at his opening the door, espied the sacrilegious person, who being searched, a bone was found about him, with which he said he would haft a knife. The governor being therefore informed of, he gave him his reward; and the lords and others present were convinced that a real body was in the said great coffin, which some before had scrupled. The girdle or circumscription of capital letters of lead put about the king's coffin had only these words: "King Charles, 1643."

The king's body was then brought from his bedchamber down into St. George's Hall, whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible) carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen in mourning also held up the pall, and the governor, with several gentlemen, officers and attendants, came after. It was then observed, that at such time as the king's body was brought out from St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast that by that time the corpse came to the west end of the royal chapel the black velvet pall was all white, (the colour of innocence,) being thick covered over with snow. The body being by the bearers sat down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready, with the service-book in his hands, to have performed his last duty to the king his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead, set forth in the book of "Common Prayer;" which the lords likewise desired, but it would not be suffered by Col. Witchcot, the governor of the castle, by reason of the directory, to which (said he) he and others were to be conformable. Thus went the White King to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and 22d year and 10th month of his reign. To let pass Merlin's prophecy, which some allude to the white satin his majesty wore when he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, former kings having on purple robes at their coronation, I shall conclude this narrative with the king's own excellent expression, running thus: Crowns and kingdoms are not so valuable as my honour and reputation. Those must have a period with my life, but these survive to a glorious kind of immortality when I am dead and gone; a good name being the embalming of princes, and a sweet consecrating of them to an eternity of love and gratitude amongst posterity.

POETRY.

THE BUMPKIN'S INVITATION.

Air: Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?

DR. PERCY.

OH! Molly, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to quit this noisy place?
Can rude log huts have charms for thee,
And bumpkins rough with ruddy face?
No longer dressed in muslins white,
Nor braided close thine auburn hair,
Say can'st thou quit these scenes to-night,
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

Oh! Molly, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not east a wish behind,
If thou art fore'd to rake up hay,
To top the corn, or sheaves to bind?
Oh! can that soft and gentle heart
Such rural hardships learn to bear,
If so--we'll from this town depart,
Where thou art fairest of the fair.

Sweet Molly can'st thou breeches make,
And neatly spin Merino yarn;
Wilt thou soon learn *pone bread* to bake,
And my old worsted stockings darn?
Should harvest whiskey make me fall,
Would'st thou assume the nurse's care;
Nor sullen those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when dead drunk I'm put to bed,
Wilt thou prepare the water gruel;
Nor curse the day that thou didst wed,
And call thy drunken Strephon cruel?
If thus he daily wet his clay,
Wilt thou not drop a briny tear;
And wish thou wert with heart more gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Ah! no, I think thou know'st what's good,
And to the country will incline,
Where thou must work to earn thy food,
And whiskey drink instead of wine.
On sabbath days to church we'll go,
I riding Dobbin, thou the Mare;
And still I'll think, as old we grow,
That thou art fairest of the fair.

SEDLEY.

West River.

SONG OF DWINA.

[From Miss Baillie's Plays.]

WAKE awhile and pleasant be,
Gentle voice of melody.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day !
Little birds in leafy bower ;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower ;
Larks upon the light air borne ;
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn ;
The woodman whistling on his way ;
The new-wak'd child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen ;
And the milk maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithly doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the ev'ning gray ?
The housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about ;
The sage a conning o'er his book ;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who half asleep but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears ;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall ;
The Thanies feasting in the hall ;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

Well hast thou said ! and thanks to thee,
Voice of gentle melody !

FISHERMAN'S SONG.

(From the Same.)

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet ;
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore ;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small and the tempest raves,
And nought is heard but the lashing waves ;
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
And the wild winds piping drearily :
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.
Push bravely, Mates ! our guiding star
Now from its towerlet streameth far ;
And now along the nearly strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand ;
Before the midnight watch is past,
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

(Extracted from late London publications.)

MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAEL'S important publication, de L'ALLEMAGNE, will appear during the present month (July) in this country. It is not generally known that this interesting work, the mysterious suppression of which has excited the curiosity of Europe, is the result of Madame de Stael's observations on the *manners*, the *society*, the *literature*, and the *philosophy* of the *Germans*. An edition, consisting of 10,000 copies, was printed at Paris in the year 1810; and although, in its course through the press, it was submitted to the literary police, the whole impression was destroyed by a sudden mandate of Bonaparte. One copy, however, escaped; and from that the present edition is printing. It will contain all the passages originally struck out by the police, and an original preface, developing the causes of this unprecedented literary persecution.

We learn that steam-boats have worked with success on certain rivers in Scotland for a considerable time past, particularly on the Clyde and the Leven. One of these, called the Comet, built about two years ago at Port-Glasgow, is at present on a voyage to London.

Dr. JOHN MOODIE, of Bath, member of several literary societies, has finished for publication a work on which he has been several years engaged, on the modern geography of Asia. It is to contain a full and authentic description of the empires, kingdoms, states, and colonies; with the oceans, seas, and isles, of this great division of the globe; including the most recent discoveries and political alterations. Also a general introduction, illustrative of the physical geography, and present moral and political state of Asia. The whole to form two volumes, quarto, with an atlas. An original work of geography is a literary phenomenon, and Asia particularly merits that attention in Great Britain which Dr. M. has bestowed upon it.

An important work relative to modern Greece, is announced by a gentleman who has been employed by government upon several missions into that country, entitled "Researches in Greece." The first part will be confined to inquiries into the language of the modern Greeks, and the state of their literature and education, with some short notices of the dialects spoken within the limits of Greece, viz. the *Albanian*, *Wallachian*, and *Bulgarian*. It is intended as an introduction to further researches made by the author during his residence in Greece, into the geography, antiquities, and present state of the country.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S navy consisted only of 33 ships of one hundred tons and upwards. One of 1000 tons; three of 900; two of 800; three of 600; six of 500; and the others smaller. Our modern navy consists of 1,000 ships, half of them larger than her largest; and query, will the present times rival in glory those of Elizabeth?

CAPTAIN ALLCUME, of Paris, has contrived a plan of modelling or casting cities in miniature, and has actually modelled, or made a cast of, Paris, on the scale of an inch to two hundred yards.

Some French engineers propose to blow up masses of loose earth, when hardened, during frosts, by means of gunpowder, as an expeditious mode of making canals, &c.

The voyage of discovery of Captain FLINDERS is preparing for publication by the board of admiralty. This work has long been delayed, owing to the detention of Capt. F. in the Isle of France; but no time will now be lost in submitting its details to the world. It will be printed so as to correspond with the voyages of Cook, and be accompanied, like them, with an atlas of historical and geographical engravings. It was the object of this voyage to complete the survey of New Holland, and this duty Capt. F. ably and fully performed. The late maps of Arrowsmith exhibit the general results; but many circumstances in such a voyage claim the notice, and naturally excite the lively curiosity, of the public.

Mr. TURNBULL, the last circumnavigator that has published the history of his voyage, has introduced, in a new and enlarged edition of his work in quarto, a prodigious number of new facts relative to the interesting islands of the Pacific. Among other novelties, he mentions a circumstance, connected with geological speculations, which deserves to be transferred to our pages. In the voyage of Perouse, that navigator describes a reef of shoal banks, a few degrees north of Owhyhee, where he suggested that a pearl fishery might be established to advantage, and he states that the French frigates sailed over them. Some commercial persons, in consequence, lately engaged divers, and visited the spot, but were astonished to find, not only that no vessel can now sail over these banks, but that through a large extent they afford but two or three feet water, and in many places exhibit verdant spots above the water. Mr. T. ascribes the change solely to the unremitting labours of polype and coral insects, and he confirms the hypothesis that many other of the groupes of islands that stud this vast ocean derive their origin from similar causes.

ZERAH COLBURN, the American boy, continues to attract much attention among the curious in London. He multiplies 4 figures into 4 with momentary precision, and extracts the cube root of 12 figures with equal facility.

A late Portuguese work on port wine states, as matter of complaint, that the growers are in the habit of giving only a few hours boiling to the wines, and of *dashing* them, in the course of the fermentation, with bad brandy to give them strength, and with the elderberry, and the rind of the ripe grape, to give them colour. Most of the factories at Oporto buy, it is said, large quantities of brandy and elderberries to mix with the wines in their own cellars.

A pipe of port wine costs at Oporto 15l. and in London 130l.! The duties in England produce 2,000,000l. per annum.

A German moralist, in this age of chymistry, has published an analysis of the character of the German women, and assigned the several proportion of 32 parts as under:—

Vanity	-	-	-	8 parts.
Love of Rule	-	-	-	4 parts.
Sexual Passion	-	-	-	4 parts.
Artifice	-	-	-	4 parts.
Fickleness	-	-	-	4 parts.
Timidity	-	-	-	2 parts.
Innocency	-	-	-	2 parts.
Superstition	-	-	-	4 parts.
				<hr/>
				32 parts.

M. CUVIER has just published, in four volumes in quarto, with numerous plates, a collection of all his memoirs on the fossil bones of quadrupeds. He has described seventy-eight species, forty-nine of which were certainly unknown to naturalists, and sixteen or eighteen are still doubtful. The other bones found in these recent beds, appear to belong to animals known. In a preliminary dissertation, the author explains the method which he followed, and the results which he obtained. It appears to him, from facts which he has established, that the earth has undergone several great and sudden revolutions, the last of which, not more remote than five or six thousand years, destroyed the country, at that time inhabited by the species of animals existing, and offered for a habitation to the feeble remains of these species, continents which had been already inhabited by other beings, which a preceding revolution had buried, and which appeared in their actual state at the time of this last revolution.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter's narrative of the late campaign in Russia, containing information drawn from official sources, and from intercepted French documents hitherto unknown to the British public, illustrated with plans, &c. of the general movements of both armies during their advance and retreat, and a portrait of the late General Kutusoff, will be published on the 10th of the present month, (July.)

Died at Paris, the *Abbe Delille*, who was supposed to occupy the poetical chair of his time. He was very much attached to the English poets, and was enabled, by his translation of some of them, and his intimate acquaintance with all, to throw an unusual proportion of strength and richness into his style.